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THOMAS HEYWOOD

THE FIRST AND SECOND PARTS

OF

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH

Of this book one hundred and fifty copies have been printed.

No. 48

THOMAS HEYWOOD

THE FIRST AND SECOND PARTS

OF

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH

A FACSIMILE REPRINT OF THE UNIQUE COPY OF THE FIRST EDITION (1599) IN THE LIBRARY OF

CHARLES W. CLARK

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY

SEYMOUR DE RICCI

THE ROSENBACH COMPANY

1320 WALNUT STREET
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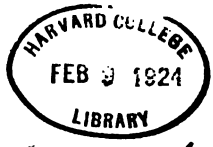

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FOREWORD

ON the 28th of August, 1599, we find the following entry in the registers of the Company of Stationers of the city of London: [1]

John Oxonbridge, John Busbie. (John Busbie hath assigned his interest herein to Humfrey Lownes, 23 februarii 1599 [i.e. 1600]).—Entred for their copyes under the handes of the Wardens: twoo playes beinge the ffirst and second parte of Edward the IIIIth and the Tanner of Tamworth, with the history of the life and deathe of Master Shore and Jane Shore his wyfe, as yt was lately acted by the Right Honorable the E[a]rle of Derbye his servantes.

This entry obviously refers to the earliest preserved play of Shakespeare's contemporary, Thomas Heywood, *The first and second parts of King Edward the Fourth* of which five early editions are listed by bibliographers, dated 1600, 1605, 1613, 1619, and 1626.[2]

So scarce are these editions that, two years ago, the British Museum only owned those of 1613 and 1626, and, in order to fill up a little the set, paid a high price to secure, at one of the Christie-Miller sales, the 1600 edition, of which the only other copy had come, with

[1] Edward Arber, *A transcript of the registers of the Company of Stationers of London*, 1554-1640, vol. iii (London, 1876. 4°), fol. 52a.

[2] W. W. Greg, *A list of English plays written before* 1643 *and printed before* 1700 (London, Bibliographical Society, 1900. 4°), pp. 48-49.

the Bridgewater library, into the collection of Mr. Henry E. Huntington.

On account of the 1599 entry in the Stationers' Registers, it had been suspected that the 1600 edition was not the first, and one or two bibliographers had boldly mentioned a 1599 edition, of which, however, no copy was actually known to be in existence. Much curiosity was therefore awakened when a copy of this missing 1599 edition was offered for sale, in 1921, in Messrs. Sotheby's auction-rooms. The present owner secured it in the face of considerable competition, and does not deem it the least interesting item in his library.

As nearly all plays of the period, it has come down to us in a bound volume of tracts which was broken up by a previous owner. The characteristic manuscript numbering of the items has enabled me to trace the existence of several of them; the volume, as far as I have been able to reconstruct it, contained:

1-6. Six tracts I have not seen.

7. Thomas Brewer, A Knot of fools. *London, for Fr. Grove*, 1658.—Sold at Sotheby's, 28 June 1921, n. 395, and bought by Quaritch.

8. Not seen.

9. Robert Greene, A Quip for an upstart courtier. *London, G. P. for T. Dewe*, 1622.—Same sale, n. 393, bought by Drake.

10. R. T., A Character of a female Cockney. *London, for J. Harrison*, 1656.—Same sale, n. 389, bought by Jennings.

11. Not seen.

12. T. Heywood, The first and second parts of King Edward the Fourth. *London, J. W. for J. Oxenbridge*, 1599.—Same sale, n. 402: the volume hereafter reproduced.

"If I were to be consulted," wrote Charles Lamb, "as to a reprint of our old English dramatists, I should advise to begin with the collected plays of Heywood." In spite of this commendation, students had to wait until 1874 to see such a reprint,[1] and even then it was not entirely satisfactory: the editor claimed to give *Edward the Fourth* from the 1600 quarto, and yet he incorporated readings obviously taken from later editions. Even less reliable, on the whole, is Barron Field's reprint of our play, issued in 1842 for the Shakespeare Society.[2] Not only has he modernized the spelling, occasionally in a somewhat unfortunate manner, but also rewritten without necessity many of the stage directions, and, while stating that he reprints verbatim the 1600 volume, inserted by mistake several variants of the subsequent quartos. Much of his work apparently rests on collations supplied by J. Payne Collier, a painfully inaccurate scholar.

In these circumstances, a new edition of *Edward the Fourth* seems a crying necessity, and it is much to be desired that such a work should be undertaken.

The present owner of the newly discovered 1599 edition speedily recognized that his unique volume would be, for the future editors of the play, of singular interest and importance, and he decided to place at their disposal a faithful facsimile reprint of the whole book.

At the same time, he has asked me to collect and print in this preface some of the available bibliographical

[1] *The dramatic works of Thomas Heywood now first collected* (London, 1874. 6 vols. 8°). *King Edward IV* is contained in vol. i, pp. 1-187.

[2] *The first and second parts of King Edward IV. Histories by* Thomas Heywood, *reprinted from the unique black letter first edition of* 1600, *collated with one other in black letter, and with those of* 1619 *and* 1626, *with an introduction and notes by* Barron Field (London, printed for the Shakespeare Society, 1842. 8°), x-202 pp.

data on the play, together with an actual description of the six editions now accessible to students.

The collation of these editions and the publication of their variant readings I must leave to a future editor. Likewise a full census of the extant copies of the later dated volumes, one of which (that of 1626) is of fairly frequent occurrence. My only aim has been, therefore, to supply trustworthy materials for future research.

SEYMOUR DE RICCI.

THE FIRST AND SECOND PARTS

OF

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH

First Edition, 1599

THE FIRST AND | Second partes of King Edward | *the Fourth.* | CONTAINING | His mery paſtime with the Tanner | of Tamwoorth, as alſo his loue to fayre Miſtreſſe | Shoare, her great promotion, fall and mi- | *ſery, and laſtly the lamentable death of* | *both her and her huſband.* | Likewiſe the beſiedging of London, by the baſtarde | Falconbridge, and the valiant defence of the | ſame by the Lord Maior and | the Cittizens | As it hath diuers times beene publiquely played by the | Right Honorable the Earle of Derby his ſeruants. | [ornament: a mask, with two hanging rings below] | Imprinted at London by *I.W.* for *Iohn Oxenbridge,* | dwelling in Paules Churchyard at the ſigne of | the Parrat. 1599.

4°. Goth. (and Rom.) 90 leaves (A-Y^4 Z^2).

Printed by J(ohn) W(indet), whose types and ornaments are quite recognizable, as kindly pointed out to me by Mr. Ferguson.

Copy known

1. Found in a bound volume of tracts (see above) in which it was n. 12, by an English bookseller; sale at Sotheby's (London, 28 June 1921, p. 62, n. 402 and facs.) £2,500 to Seymour de Ricci for CHARLES W

CLARK, San Mateo, California (*The Library of Charles W. Clark*, vii, San Francisco, 1922, 4°, pp. 58-59).

Was unbound. Now in red morocco by Rivière.

Second Edition, 1600

THE FIRST AND | Second partes of King Edward | *the Fourth.* | CONTAINING | His mery paſtime with the Tanner | of Tamworth, as alſo his loue to faire Miſtriſſe | Shoare, her great promotion, fall and miſerie, | and laſtly the lamentable death of both her | *and her huſband.* | Likewiſe the beſieging of London, by the | Baſtard Falconbridge, and the valiant defence of | the ſame by the Lord Maior and the | *Cittizens.* | As it hath diuers times beene publikely played by the Right Ho= | *norable the Earle of Derbie his ſeruants.* | [ornament with at top two Cupids' heads back to back] | Imprinted at London by *F.K.* for *Humfrey* | *Lownes* and *Iohn Oxenbridge.* 1600.

8°. Goth (and Rom.) 88 leaves (A-L^8).

Printed by F(elix) K(ingston), and apparently the earliest known book from his press (Plomer knows of none before 1603).

Copies known

1. Richard Heber's sale (London, 5 June 1834, ii, p. 142, n. 2710) £30 10*s.* to Hering for Frederick Perkins, of Chipstead; his sale (London, 10 July 1889, p. 60, n. 981) £26 15*s.* to Barford for S. Christie-Miller, of Britwell; his sale (London, 10 March 1921, p. 15, n. 82) £490 to Quaritch, for the BRITISH MUSEUM, C. 71. d. 4.

Bound about 1835 (doubtless by Hering) in light-brown calf, with the Perkins arms.

2. Belonged, at least since the eighteenth century, to the Earl of Ellesmere, at Bridgewater House, London, whose library was sold *en bloc*, in 1917, to HENRY E. HUNTINGTON, San Gabriel, California.

N.B.—Hazlitt (*Handbook to the popular, poetical and dramatic literature of Great Britain*, 1867, p. 270) wrongly states that the British Museum then owned a copy lacking the title-page.

Third Edition, 1605

THE FIRST | and Second parts of King | *Edward the Fourth.* | CONTAINING. | His merie paſtime with the Tanner | of Tamworth, as alſo his loue to faire Miſtriſſe | Shore, her great promotion, fall and Miſerie, and | laſtly the lamentable death of both her and | her husband. | Likewiſe the beſieging of London, by the | Baſtard Falconbridge, and the valiant defence of | the ſame by the Lord Maior and the | *Citizens.* | As it hath diuers times beene publikely | played by the Right Honourable the Earle of | *Derbie his ſeruants.* | [ornament, the same as on the title of the 1599 edition] | Imprinted at London by H. L. for Nathaniell Foſbrooke, and | are to be ſold at his ſhoppe at the weſt | doore of Paules. | 1605.

4°. Goth. (and Rom.) 88 leaves (A-Y^4).
Printed by H(umfrey) L(ownes).

Copies known

1. Purchased before 1862 by the Rev. Alexander Dyce (Cat., 1875, i, p. 392, n. 4714) and bequeathed by him in 1869 to the VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON.

Wanting last leaf and a corner of leaf 87. Several margins mended. Contains numerous stage directions in a contemporary hand.

Bound for Dyce in light-brown speckled calf.

2. Dr. Bulkeley Bandinel's sale (London, 12 August 1861, p. 45, n. 503) £3 6*s.* to the Rev. Alexander Dyce (Cat., 1875, i, p. 392, n. 4714), who bequeathed it in 1869 to the VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON.

Perfect, but with many margins defective and mended.

Bound before 1860 in red-brown rough-grained morocco.

Untraced copy

3. (Probably identical with 2.) Sale at Sotheby's (London, 8 July 1853, p. 16, n. 214) £2 15*s.* to Dr. Philip Bliss, of Oxford, in whose sale the book does not occur, and who doubtless passed it on to his friend, Dr. Bandinel, of the Bodleian.

Fourth Edition, 1613

THE FIRST | and Second parts of King | *Edwara the Fourth.* | CONTAINING | His merie paſtime with the Tanner | of Tamworth, as alſo his loue to faire Miſtriſſe | Shore, her great promotion, fall and miſerie, and | laſtly the lamentable death of both her and | her husband. | Likewiſe the beſieging of London, by the | Baſtard Falconbridge, and the valiant defence of | the ſame by the Lord Maior and the | *Citizens.* | As it hath diuers times beene publikely played | by the Right Honourable the Earle of | *Derbie his ſeruants.* | [orna-

ment] | AT LONDON | Printed by *Humfrey Lownes*, dwelling on | Bredſtreete hill, at the ſigne of the | Starre. 1613.

8°. Goth. (and Rom.) 88 leaves (A-Y⁴).

Copies known

1. Bought about 1800 by King George III and transferred in 1829, with the King's library, to the British Museum, C. 12, f. 11 (1).

Bound about 1800 in three-quarter red morocco, before two other plays.

2. Obtained at the beginning of the nineteenth century by John Philip Kemble, whose library was bought in 1821 by the Duke of Devonshire, and resold *en bloc*, in 1914, to Henry E. Huntington, San Gabriel, California.

3. David Adee's sale (New York, 18 November 1895, n. 465) $67.50; Robert Hoe's collection (Cat., 1903, ii, pp. 358-359); his sale (New York, 24 April 1911, i, p. 278, n. 1689) $255 to George D. Smith for Henry E. Huntington, San Gabriel, California.

Red morocco by Bedford.

4. The Duke of Roxburghe's sale (London, 18 May 1812, p. 142, n. 5060) £3 7*s*. to Booth; Frederick Locker-Lampson's collection at Rowfant (Cat., 1886, p. 59), sold in 1905 to E. Dwight Church, of Brooklyn; his duplicate sale (New York, 29 March 1916, p. 163, n. 1068) $31; anonymous sale at Anderson's (New York, 29 April 1918, p. 135, n. 467) $77.50; then in the collection of Herschel V. Jones, at Minneapolis;

his sale (New York, 29 January 1919, ii, p. 23, n. 879) $205 to George D. Smith for JOHN L. CLAWSON, Buffalo.

Some headlines shaved, and four leaves mended.

Bound for the Duke of Roxburghe in half green morocco.

This is probably the copy in Benjamin Heywood Bright's sale (London, 3 March 1845, p. 186, n. 2894) £1 8*s*. to Rodd, described as having some headlines shaved.

Untraced copies

5. Sale at Sotheby's (London, 15 April 1863, p. 45, n. 466) £10 10*s*. to Sir William Tite; his sale (London, 18 May 1874, p. 96, n. 1414) £12 10*s*. to Quaritch; purchased before 1880 by Henry Huth (Cat., 1880, ii, pp. 688-689); his sale (London, 2 June 1913, iii, p. 1047, n. 3645) £31 to Quaritch.

Red morocco by Bedford.

This (rather than n. 3) seems to be the copy in J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps's sale (London, 14 June 1858, p. 25, n. 319) £7 to Bumstead: morocco by Bedford.

Fifth Edition, 1619

KING | EDWARD | the Fourth, | THE | *First and Second Part.* | Containing, his merrie paſtime with | *the Tanner of* Tamworth; *as alſo his loue to faire* | *Miſtris* SHORE, *her great promotion, fall and* | miſery, and laſtly the lamentable death of | *both her and her Husband.* | Likewiſe, the beſieging of LONDON, by the | *Baſtard* Falconbridge, *and the valiant defence* | of the ſame by the Lord Maior | *and the Citizens.* | As it hath diuers

times been publikely plaied, by the Right | *honorable, the Earle of Derbie his ſeruants.* | [*.*] *sic* | [device, McKerrow, n. 296] | AT LONDON, | ¶ Printed by *Humfrey Lownes.* | 1619.

4°. Goth. (and Rom.) 88 leaves (A-Y^4).

Copy known

1. Early owner (about 1800): *Geo. Smyth.* John North's sale (25 May 1819, iii, p. 21, n. 514) £2 12*s.* 6*d.* to Booth; the Rev. Alexander Dyce's collection (Cat., 1875, ii, p. 392, n. 4715), bequeathed in 1869 to the VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON.

Bound about 1800 in three-quarter red morocco.

Untraced copy

2. Richard Heber's sale (London, 5 June 1834, ii, p. 142, n. 2711) 10*s.* 6*d.* to Rodd.

Interleaved, and with a portrait by Elstracke inserted.

Sixth Edition, 1626

THE FIRST | AND | SECOND PARTS | OF KING *EDWARD* | THE FOVRTH. | Contayning his merry paſtime with the | Tanner of Tamworth, as alſo his loue to faire | Miſtres *Shore*, her great promotion, fall and mi- | ſerie, and laſtly, the lamentable death of | *both her and her husband.* | Likewiſe the beſieging of London by the | Baſtard *Falconbridge*, and the valiant de- | fence of the ſame by the Lo: Mayor | and the Citizens. | As it hath diuerſe times been publickly Acted. | The fourth Impreſſion. | [oblong woodcut:

wild animals] | LONDON, | Printed by *Humfrey Lownes. Anno* 1626.

4°. Rom. 84 leaves (A-X^4).

In spite of the title, this is at least the sixth edition, and at least the fifth in which Lownes had an interest.

Copies known (a selection)

1. Bequeathed in 1779 by David Garrick to the British Museum, 644. e. 36.

2. Bequeathed in 1869 by the Rev. Alexander Dyce (Cat., 1875, i, p. 392, n. 4716) to the Victoria and Albert Museum, London.

Bound for Dyce in light-brown calf.

3. Bodleian Library, Oxford.

4. Had remained for over 150 years in a German nobleman's family library. Sale at Sotheby's (London, 13 July 1909, pp. 46-47, n. 323) in a bound volume of plays, sold for £345 to Bertram Dobell, from whom it was obtained by H. C. Folger, New York.

Old calf.

5. The library of Henry E. Huntington, San Gabriel, California.

6. Sale at Sotheby's (13 December 1920, p. 49, n. 399) £7 10*s*. to P. J. Dobell, from whom it was obtained in 1921 by Charles W. Clark, San Mateo, California.

Bound for the present owner in morocco by Rivière.

7. Isaac Reed's sale (London, 2 November 1807, p. 360, n. 7988) £2 2*s*.

N.B.—Lowndes wrongly gives the date of this copy as 1620. The Reed catalogue (in the copy I examined) reads clearly 1626.

8. James Bindley's sale (London, 11 January 1819, ii, p. 77, n. 2081) £3 3*s*. to Rodd.

9. William Barnes Rhodes' sale (London, 18 March 1825, p. 52, n. 1269) £1 9*s*. to Thorpe.

10. Richard Heber's sale (London, 5 June 1834, ii, p. 142, n. 2712) 7*s*. to Thorpe.

11. Offered for £1 1*s*. in Rodd's catalogue for 1837, n. 3817.

12. Sale at Sotheby's (London, 25 May 1905, p. 65, n. 392) £8 to Pickering.

A small hole on leaf K1. Half-morocco.

13. Herbert Jones's sale at Hodgson's (London, 21 March 1917, p. 34, n. 453) £3 10*s*. to Dobell.

A few leaves wormed or stained. Half green morocco.

14. Sale at Anderson's (New York, 13 February 1918, n. 471) $5.

Writing on the title-page. Calf.

15. Lord Mostyn's sale (London, 20 March 1919, p. 16, n. 151) £14 to George D. Smith.

Imprint cut into. Unbound. Bound for G. D. Smith in morocco by Rivière.

THE FIRST AND Second partes of King Edward *the Fourth.*

CONTAINING

His mery paſtime with the Tanner of Tamwoorth, as alſo his loue to fayre Miſtreſſe Shoare, her great promotion, fall and miſery, *and laſtly the lamentable death of both her and her huſband.*

Likewiſe the beſiedging of London, by the baſtarde Falconbridge, and the valiant defence of the ſame by the Lord Maior and the Citizens

As it hath diuers times beene publiquely played by the Right Honorable the Earle of Derby his ſeruants.

Imprinted at London by *I.W.* for *Iohn Oxenbridge*, dwelling in Paules Churchyard at the ſigne of the Parrat. 1599.

THE FIRST AND SECOND partes of King Edward the fourth.

Contayning his mery pastime with the Tanner of Tamwoorth, as also his loue to fayre Mistresse Shoare, her great promotion, fall & misery, & lastly the lamentable death of both her and her husband.

Enter King Edward, the Dutches of Yorke, the Queen, the Lord Howard, and Sir Thomas Sellinger.

Dutchesse.

SOnne, I tell ye you haue done you know not what:

King: I haue married a woman, else I am deceaued mother.

Dutch. Married a woman: married indeed,
Here is a marriage that besittes a king:
It is no maruaile it was done in haste,
Here is a Bridall and with bell to boote,
You haue made worke:

King. Faith mother some we haue indeede, but ere long you shall see vs make worke for an heyre apparant I doubt not, nay, nay; come, come, Gods will what chiding still:

Dutch. O God that ere I liude to see this day.

King. By my faith mother, I hope you shall see the night too, and in the morning I will bee bolde to bidde you to the Christning, Grandmother, and Godmother to a Prince of Wales, tutte mother, tis a stirring world.

Dutch. Haue you sent Warwicke into France for this:

King. No by my faith mother I sent Warwicke into France for an other, but this by chance being nearer hand, and comming in the way I cannot tell how, we concluded, and now (as you see) are going about to get a young king.

Dutch. But tell me sonne how will you answere this:
Is possible your rash unlawful act,
Should not breed mortall hate betwixt the Realmes:
What may the French king thinke when he shall heare
That whilst you send to entreate about his daughter,
Basely to take a subiect of your owne:
What may the Princesse Bona thinke of this:
Our noble Cosin *Warwicke* that great Lord,
That Center-shaking thunderclap of warre,
That like a Colum propt the house of Yorke:
And boare our white Rose brauely in his top,
When he shall heare his embassage abuse,
In this but made an instrument by you,
I know his soule will blush within his bosome,
And shame will sit in Scarlet on his Brow,
To haue his honor toucht with this foule blemish,
Sonne, Sonne I tell you that is done by you,
Which yet the child that is unborne shall rue.

King. Tush mother you are deceiude, all true subiectes shall haue cause to thanke God, to haue their king borne of a true Englishwoman, I tell you it was neuer well since wee matched with strangers, so our children haue beene still like Chickens of the half kind, but where the cocke and the hen be both of one breed, there is like to be birdes of the game: heare you mother, heare you, had I gone to it by fortune, I had made your sonnes George and Dicke to haue stood gaping after the crotone: this wench mother is a widdow, and hath made proofe of her valour, and for any thing I know I am as like to doe the deed as Iohn Gray her husband was, I had rather the people prayd to blesse mine heyre, then send me an heyre: hold your peace, if you can see, there was neuer mother had a towarder sonne, why Cosen Howard and

Tom

Tom Sellingere heard you euer such a coyle about a wife.

How. My soueraign Lord with patience beare her spleen
Your princely mothers zeale is like a riuer,
That from the free abundance of the waters,
Breakes out into this inundation,
From her abundant care this rage proceedes,
O'er swolne with the extremity of loue.

Sellin. My Lord, my Lord, auoide a womans humor,
If you resist this tumor of her will,
Here you shall haue her dwell vpon this passion,
Untill shee iade and dull our eares againe:
Seeme you but sorry for what you haue done,
And straight sheele put the finger in the eye,
With comfort now, since it cannot be helpt:
But make you show to iustifie the act
If euer other language in her lips.
Then out vpon it, it is abhominable. I dare be hangde,
Say any thing it makes no matter what,
Then thus be wearied with a womans chat.

Dutch. I, I, you are the spaniels of the Court,
And thus you fawne and sooth your wanton king,
But Edward hadst thou prizde thy maiesty,
Thou neuer wouldst haue staude thy princely state,
With the base leanings of a Subiects bed:
Nor borne the blemish of her Bigamy.
A widdow, ist not a gooly thing?
Grayes children come aske blessing of the king,

Queen. Nay I beseech your Grace my Lady Yorke,
Euen as you are a Princesse and a widdow,
Thinke not so meanely of my widdowhoode,
A spotlesse virgin came I first to Gray,
With him I liude a true and faithfull wife:
And since his hie emperiall maiestie,
Hath pleasd to blesse my poore deiected state
With the high Soueraigne title of his Queene,
I here protest before the host of heauen,

I came as chaste a widow to his bedde.
As when a virgin I to Gray was wed.

King Come, come haue done, now you haue chid inough, Gods foote, we were as merrie ere shee came. as any people in Christendome, I with the mistris, & these with the maids: onely wee had no fidlers at our feast, but mother you haue made a fit of mirth: welcome to Grafton mother, by my troth you are euen iust come as I wished you here, let vs to supper, and in Charitie giue vs your blessing ere wee goe to Bedde.

Duch. O Edward, Edward, flie and leaue this place,
Wherein poore fillie king thou art inchaunted,
This is her dam of Bedfords worke her mother,
That hath bewitcht thee Edward my poore childe,
Dishonour not the Princes of thy land,
To make them kneele with reuerence at her feete,
That ere thou didst empale with soueraintie,
They would haue scorned to haue looked vpon,
Theres no such difference twixt the greatest Peere,
And the poore silliest kitchin maide that liues,
As is betwixt thy worthines and hers.

Queene I do confesse it, yet my Lady Yorke,
My mother is a Duchesse as you are,
A Princesse borne, the Duke of Bedfords wife,
And as you know, a daughter and a sister,
Unto the royall bloud of Burgundie.
But you cannot so basely thinke on me,
As I do thinke of these vaine worldly titles,
God from my soule my sinne as farre deuide.
As I am farre from boasting this in pride.

Selling Madam, she is the mirror of her kind,
Had she but so much spleene as hath a gnatte,
Her spirits would startle to abide your taunts,
She is a Saint, and Madam you blaspheme,
To wrong so sweete a Lady.

Duch. Thou art a minion and a flatterer.

Selling.

Sellen. Madam but that you are my soueraigns mother,
I would let you knowe you wrong a gentleman.
Howard Good Cosin Sellinger haue patience,
Her Graces rage by so much violence,
Hath spent it selfe alreadie into aire,
Deere Madam I beseech you on my knee,
Tender that louing kindnes to the Queene,
That I dare sweare she doth in soule to you,
Edw. Wel said good Cose, I pray thee make them friends:
why how now Belle, what weep? nay then Ile chide you,
what sodaine newes comes by this messenger?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My soueraigne Lord, the bastard Falconbridge,
Of late hath stird rebellion in the South,
Incouraging his forces to deliuer,
King Henrie late deposde out of the Tower,
To him the malcontented commons flocke,
From euerie part of Sussex, Kent, and Essex,
His armie waxed twentie thousand strong,
And as it is supposde by circumstance,
Meane to take London, if not well defended.
Edward Well let this Phaeton that is mounted thus,
Looke he sit surely, or by Englands George,
Ile breake his necke, this is no new euasion,
I surely thought that one day I should see,
That bastard Falcon take his wings to mount,
Into our Eagle airy, me thought I saw,
Blacke discontent sit euer on his brow,
And now I see I calculated well,
Wod Cosin Howard, and Tom Sellinger,
This night wéele spend in feast and iollitie,
With our new Queene, and our beloued mother,
To morrow you shall haue commission,
To raise vp powre against this haughtie rebell:
Sirra depart not till you know our pleasure,
You shall conuey vs letters backe to London,

Unto the Mayor, Recorder, and our friends,
Is Supper readie: come by my bonnie : Besse,
Welcome mother, we are all your guests. Exeunt.

Enter Falconbridge with his troupes marching, Spicing, Smoke, Chub, and others.

Fal. Hold drumme,
1 Spi. Hold drumme and be hangde,
2 Smoke Hold drumme hold, peace then ho, silence to the
3 proclamation.
1 Spi. You lie you rogue, tis to the oration,
Chub. Nay then you all lie, it is to the coblication,
Fal. True hearted English and our valiant friends,
all Ho braue general yfaith.
Spi. Peace there you rogues, or I will splitte your chaps:
Fal. Deare countrimen, I publikely proclaime,
If any wronged discontented English,
Toucht with true feeling of King Henries wrongs,
Henrie the fixt the lawfull King of England,
who by that Tyrant Edward the Usurper,
Is held a wretched prisoner in the Towre,
If any man that faine would bee enfranchisde,
From the sad yoake of Yorkish seruitude,
Under which we toyle like naked Gallyslaues,
Know he that Thomas Neuill the Lord Falconbridge,
all I I a Faconbridge a Faconbridge:
Spici. Peace ye clamorous rogues, on Generall, on with your oration, peace there,
Fal. Pittying King Henries poore distressed case,
Armde with his title, and a subiects zeale,
Takes vp iust armes against the house of Yorke:
And do proclaime our auncient libertie:
all Libertie, libertie, libertie, generall libertie,
Fal. We do not rise like Tiler, Cade, and Straw,
Blewbeard, and other of that rascall route,
Basely like Tinkers, or such muddie slaues,

For

For mending measures, or the price of corne,
Or for some common in the wilde of Kent,
Thats by some greedy Cormorant inclosde,
But in the true and ancient lawfull right,
Of the redoubted house of Lancaster.
Our blood is noble, by our birth a Neuill,
And by our lawfull line Lord Falconbridge,
Whose heere thats of so dull a leaden temper,
That is not fired with a Neuils name?
All. A Neuill, a Neuill, a Neuill,
Fa. Our quarrell like our selfe is honorable,
The law our warrant.
Smoke I, I, the law is on our side.
Chub. I, the law is in our owne handes.
Spicing. Peace you Rogues.
Fa. And more, a blessing by the word proposde,
To those that aide a true annointed king,
Corage brane spirits and crie a Falconbridge,
All. A Falconbridge, a Falconbridge,
Fal. We will be maisters of the mint our selues,
And set our own stampe on the golden corne:
Weele shoe our neighing Coursers with no worse,
Then the purest siluer that is sold in Cheape.
At Leaden hall weele sell pearles by the peche,
As now the mealemen vse to sell their meale:
In Westminster weele keepe a solemne Courte,
And build it bigger to receiue our men,
Crie Falconbridge my harts liberty,
All. Falconbridge and liberty &c.
Smoke. Peace ye slaues, or I will smoke ye else,
Chub. Peace ye slaues, or I will chub your chappes, but indeed thou maiest well smoke them, because thy name is Smoke.
Smoke. Why Sirra, I hope Smoke the Smith of Chepsted, is as good a man as Chub the Chandler of Sandwich.
Spicing. Peace ye Rogues, what are you quarrilling? and

now lift to Captaine Spicing.
You know Cheapeside there are the Mercers shops,
Where we will measure veluet by our pikes:
And Silkes and Sattens by the streetes whole bredth:
Meele take the Tankardes from the Conduit cockes,
To fill with Ipocras and drinke carowse.
Where chaines of gold and plate shall be as plentie,
As wodden dishes in the wild of Kent:

Smoke. Oh brauely said Ned Spicing, the honestest Lad that euer pund spice in a morter, now speakes Captaine Smoke.

Looke lads for from this hill ye may discerne,
The louely towne which we are marching to,
That same is London Lads ye looke vpon.
Raunge all arow my heartes and stand at gaze,
As doe the heardes of Deere at some strange sight:
Or as a troupe of hungrie trauellers,
That fix their eyes vpon a furnish'd feast,
Looke how the Tower doth tise vs to come on,
To take out Henry the first there prisoner,
See how S. Katherines smokes, wipe slaues your eyes
And whet your stomackes for the good mault pies.

Chub. Why then belike I am no body: roome and auoidance, for now speakes Captain Chub:
No sooner in London will we be,
But the Bakers for you, the Brewers for me,
Birchin lane shall sute vs, the Costermongers fruite vs:
The Poulters send vs in Fowle,
And Butchers meat without controule:
And euer when we sup or dine:
The Vintners freely bring vs in wine:
If any body aske who shall pay,
Cut off his head and send him away,
This is Captaine Chubs law whosoeuer say nay.

Fal. Brauely resolude, so march we forward all,
And boldly say, good lucke shall vs befall. Exeunt.

Enter

Enter the Lord Maior, M. Shoare, M. Iosseline, in their veluet coates, and gorgets, and leading staues.

Mai. This is well done, thus should good Cittizens,
Fashion themselues as well for warre as peace:
Haue ye commanded that in euery streete,
They hang foorth lights as soone as night comes on:
Say Colen Shoare, that was referd to you.
Shoare We haue my Lord, besides from euery hall
There is at least two hundred men in armes.
Maior. It cheares my heart to heare this readines,
Let neuer rebels put true Subiectes downe,
Come when they will, they welcome shal be such,
As they had better kept them further off.
But where is M. Recorder, his aduise,
Must not be wanting in these high affaires.
Sho. About an houre agoe, and somewhat more,
I left him fortifying the bridge my Lord,
Which done he purposed to meete you here:
Mai. A discreet painefull Gentleman he is,
And we must all of vs be so inclinde:
If we entend to haue the Cittie safe,
Or looke for thankes, and credit with the king,
I tell ye maisters, aged though I be,
I (for my part) will to no bed this night.
Iosf. Why is it thought the Bastard is so neare:
Maior. How meane ye M. Iosseline by neare:
He neither comes from Italy nor Spaine:
But out of Kent, and Essex which you know,
Are both so neare, as nearer cannot be.
Iosf. Nay, by your patience good my Lord a word,
Simple though I am, yet I must confesse,
A mischiefe further off, would, and so forth,
You know my meaning, thinges not seene before,
Are, and so forth, yet in good sadnes,
I would that all were well, and perchance,

It may be so, what, were it not for hope,
The hart, and so forth, but to the matter,
You meane and purpose, I, I, am sure ye doe:
M. Well M. Iosseline, we are sure ye mean wel
Although somewhat defectiue in your vtterance.
Io. I, I, my Lord Maior, I am you know,
Willing, ready, and so forth, tut, tut, for me, ha, ha
My Mansion is at Ham, and thence you know,
I come to helpe you in this needfull time:
When rebels are so busse, and so forth,
What Maisters age must neuer be despisde,
You shall finde me my Lord, still, and so forth,

Enter Vrswicke the Recorder.

Sh. My Lord, now here comes M. Recorder.
Re. Good euen my good L. Maior, the streets are chaunde,
The Bridge well manned & euery place preparde,
Shall we now goe together and consult,
What else there is to be determinde of:
M. Your comming M. Recorder was the thing
We all desired therefore let vs consult,
And now what say ye, if with halfe our power,
We issue forth, and giue the rebels fight:
Recor. Before they doe prouoke vs nearer hand
There were no way to that, if all be pleasde,
Whats your opinion M. Iosseline:
Iosl. Good sooth my L. Maior, and M. Recorder,
You may take your choice, but in my conceite,
Issue if you will, or else stay if you will,
A man can neuer be too warie and so forth,
Yet as to issue will not be the worst,
Euen so to tarrie, well, you may thinke more on t,
But all is one, we shall be sure to fight,
And you are wise inough, to see your time, I, I, a Gods name.
Recor. My Lord accept his meaning better then his counsel.

M. I,

Mai. I, so we do, or else we were to blame,
What if wee stoppe the passage of the Thames,
With such prouision as we haue of shippes?
Recor. Its doubtfull yet my Lord, whether the rebelles,
Purpose that way to seeke our detriment,
Rather me seemeth they will come by land,
And either make assault at London bridge,
Or else at Algate, both which enterances,
Were good they should be strongly fortified.
Ios. Well said maister Recor. you do, I I, I warrant ye.
Re. As for the other, the whole companies
Of Mercers, Grocers, Drapers, and the rest,
Are drawne togither for their best defence,
Beside the Tower, a neighbour to that place,
As on the one side it will cleere the riuer,
So on the other with their Ordenance,
It may repulse and beate them from the gate.
Mai. What noyse is this? prouide ye sodainly: A noyse
And euerie man betake him to his charge. within.

Enter a Messenger.

Shore Soft who is this, how now my friend what newes?
Mes. My maister the Lieutenant of the Towre, giues ye to vnderstand, he hath descride the armie of the rebels.
Recor. Which way come they?
Mes. From Ellerward, and therefore tis his mind,
You guard both Algate well, and Bishopsgate.
Mai. Saint George away, and let vs all resolue,
Either to vanquish this rebellious rout,
Preserue our goods, our children and our wiues,
Or seale our resolution with our liues. Exeunt.

Enter Falconbridge, Spicing, with his troups.

Fal. Summon the Cittie, and commaund our entrance,
Which if we shall be stubburnly denide,
Our power shall rush like thunder through the walles,
Spi. Open your gates slaues when I cõmand ye,
Spicing beates on the gates, and then enters the L. Maior.

ior and his associates with prentises.
M. Whats he that beates thus at the Cittie gates,
Commanding entrance as he were a king?
Fa. He that will haue releasment for a king:
I Thomas Neuell the Lord Falconbridge,
Sp. Ho Sirra, you, claperdudgen, unlock, unbolt,
Or Ile bolt you if I get in, stand you preaching with a pope
M. We haue no warrant Tho. Falconbridge,
To let your armed troupes into our Cittie,
Considering you haue taken up these armes,
Against our soueraigne and our countries peace.
Fa. I tell the Maior, and know he tels thee so,
That commeth armed in a kings defence,
That I craue entrance in Kings Henries name,
In right of the true line of Lankaster,
Me thinks that word spoke from a Neuils mouth
Should like an earthquake rend your chained
And teare in peeces your portcullises, (gates.
I thunder it againe into your eares,
You stout and braue couragious Londoners,
In Henries name I craue my entrance in, (here,
R. Should *Henries* name cõmand thee entrance
We should denie aleageance vnto Edward,
Whose true and faithfull subiects we are sworne,
And in whose presence is our sword vp borne.
Fa. I tell thee traitor then thou bearst thy
Against thy true undoubted king, (sword
S ho. Nay then I tell thée bastard Falconbridge,
My Lord Maior beares his sword in his defence,
That put the sword into the armes of London,
Made the Lord Maiors for euer after knights,
Richard, deposde by Henrie Bullingbrooke,
From whom the house of Yorke doth claime their right.
Fa. Whats he that answeres vs thus saucily?
Sno. Sirra your name, that we may know ye hereafter,
Sho. My name is Shoare, a Goldsmith by my trade,

Fal.

Fal. What not that Shoare that hath the daintie wife,
Shoares wife, the flowre of London for her beautie.
Sho. Yes rebell euen the verie same.
Spy. Runne rascall and fetch thy wife to our Generall presently, or else all the Gold in Cheapside cannot ransome her: wilt thou not stirre when I bidde thée.
Fa. Shoare listen me, thy wife is mine thats flatte,
This night in thine owne house shee sleepes with mée,
Nowe Crosebie Lord Maior shall wée enter in:
Ma. Crosebie the Lord Maior tels thee proud rebell no.
Fal. No Crosbie shall I not: then doating Lord,
I cramme the name of rebell downe thy throate,
Theres not the poorest rascall in my campe,
But if hee chance to méete thée in Cheapside
Vpon thy footecloath, he shall make thee light,
And hold his stirrop while he mount thy horse,
Then lackie him which way he please to goe,
Crosebie Ile make the Cittizens be gladde,
To send thee and the Aldermen thy brethren,
All manacled, and chainde like Gally slaues,
To ransom them, and to redeeme the Cittie.
M. Nay then proud rebell, pause & heare me speak,
Theres not the poorest and meanest Cittizen,
That is a faithfull subiect to the king,
But in despight of thy rebellious route,
Shall walke to Bowe, a small wand in his hand,
Although thou lie encamped at Mileend Gréene,
And not the proudest rebell of you all,
Shall dare to touch him for his damned soule.
Come, we will pull vp our portcullises,
And let me sée thée enter if thou dare,
Fa. Spoken like a man, and true velvet iacket,
And we will enter or sticke by the way. Exeunt.

Enter Lord Maior, Recorder, and Iosseline.

M. Wheres maister Recorder, and master Iosseline?
Recor. Here my Lord Maior, wee nowe haue mande the

 walles

walles, and fortified such places as were needfull,
Mai. Why it is well, brothers and Cittizens,
Sticke to your Cittie as good men should do,
Thinke that in Richards time euen such a rebell,
Was then by Walworth the Lord Maior of London,
Stabd dead in Smithfield:
Then shew your selues as it befits the time,
And let this find a hundreth Walworths now,
Dare stabbe a rebell were he made of brasse,
And Prentises sticke to your officers,
For you may come to be as we are now,
God and our King against an arrant rebell,
Brothers away, let vs defend our walles:
1 Pren. My Lord your words are able to infuse,
A double courage in a cowards breast,
Then feare not vs although our chinnes be bare,
Our hearts are good, the triall shall be seene,
Against these rebels on this champion greene.
2 Pren. we haue no tricks nor pollicies of warre,
But by the ancient custome of our Fathers,
Wéele soundly lay it on, takte off that wil.
And London Prentises be rulde by me,
Die ere ye loose faire Londons libertie:
S. How now my flatcaps, are ye grown so braue?
Tis but your words, when matters come to proofe,
Youle scudde as twere a companie of sheepe,
My counsaile therefore is to kéepe your shoppes,
What lacke you, better will beséeme your mouths,
Then termes of warre, in sooth you are too young:
Pr. Sirra go too, you shall not find it so,
Flatcappes thou calst vs, wee scorne not the name,
And shortly by the vertue of our swords,
Wéele make your cappe so sit vnto your crowne,
As sconce and cappe and all kisse the ground.
2 P. You are those desperat idle swaggering mates,
That haunt the subburbs in the time of peace,

And

And raise vp ale-house brawles in the streets,
And when the rumor of the war beginnes,
You hide your heades, and are not to be found,
Thou termest it better that we keepe our shops,
It's good indeed we should haue such a care,
But yet for all our keeping now and then,
Your Pilfring fingers breake into our lockes,
Untill at Tyborne you acquite the fault:
Go to, albeit by custome we are milde,
As those that doe professe ciuility,
Yet being moude a nest of angrie hornets
Shall not be more offensiue then we will.
Weele flie about your eares and sting your harts.

Iosl. He tels you truth my frends, and so sooth.

Fa. Who can endure to be so braude by boyes?

1. Pr. May scorne vs not that we are Prentises,
The Chronicles of England can report,
What memorable actions we haue done,
To which this dayes atchiuement shall be knit,
To make the volume larger then it is.

Ma. Now of mine honor, yee do cheare my heart
Braue English ofspringes, valiantly resolude,

2 Pre. My Lord returne you backe, let vs alone,
You are our Paiffers, giue vs leaue to worke,
And if we do not vanquish them in fight,
Let vs go supperless to bed at night.

Exeunt all but Spicing, Smoke, and their crew.

Spi. Sm. get thee vp on the top of S. Buttolphes steeple, and make a proclamation.

Smoke What a plague should I proclaime there?

Spi. That the bels be rung backeward,
And cutting of throates be cride hauoke,
No more calling of lanthorne and candlelight,
That maidenheades be valued at iust nothing:.
And Sacke be solde by the Pallet.

That no pilling slaue stand to picke a locke, but slash me off the hinges, as one would slit vp a Cowes paunch.

Spicing. Let no man haue lesse then a warehouse to his wardrope: crie a figge for a Sergeant, and walke by the Counter like a Lord, pluck out the Clapper of Bow bell, and hang vp all the Sextons in the Cittie.

Smoke. Rantam Scantam, Rogues follow your Leader, Cauaiero Spicing the maddest slaue that ere pund spice in a morter.

Spi. Take me an Vsurer by the greasie pouch, and shake out his Crownes, as a hungrie dog would shake a Haggas, Barre foule play Rogues, and liue by honest filching and stealing, he that hath a true finger, let him forfaite his face to the frypingpan.

Follow your Leader Rogues, follow your Leader.

Smoke. Assault, Assault, and crie a Falconbridge.

Iosseline on the walles cries to them.

Ioss. Sirra Spicing, if Spicing bee thy name, wee are here for matters and causes as it might seeme for the king, therefore it were good, and so forth.

Spi. Open the gates, or if we be the Picklockes, ye Rogues weele play the Mastiffe dogs amongst you: If I worry not a thousand of you with my teeth, let mee bee hangde in a packethreed, and so forth.

Ioss. Fond fellow, iustice is to be vsed I merie is it, and law in some sort as it were is to be followed, oh God forbid else, this our Magistrate hath power as it might seeme, and so forth, for dutie is to be obserued, & Officers must be obeyed, in sort and calling, and so forth.

Spi. Weele talke more anone, good M. and so forth.

Here is a very fierce assault on all sides, wherein the Prentises do great seruice.

Enter Falconbridge angrie with his men.

Fal. Why this it is to trust to these base Rogues.
This durty scum of rascall pesantrie:

This

This harlots rout of base rascalitie,
A plague vpon you all, you cowardly Rogues;
You cramand Curres, you slimy muddy clownes,
Whose courage but consistes in multitude,
Like sheepe and neat that follow one an other,
Which if one runne away, all follow after:
This hedge-bred Rascall, this filthy frie of ditches,
A vengeance take you all, this t'is to leade you,
Now doe you crie and shrike at euery shocke,
A hot consuming mischiefe follow you.

Spi. Swoundes scale Rogues, scale, a Falconbridge, a Falconbridge.

Enter Lord Maior and his traine.

Ma. Set open the gates, nay then weell sally out,
It neuer shall be said when I was Maior,
The Londoners were shut vp in the Cittie,
Then crie king *Edward*, and lets issue out.

Fal. Now if you be true hearted Englishmen,
The Gat'es set open and the portcullise vp:
Lets Pell Mell in, to stop their passage out,
He that first enters, be possest of Cheape,
I giue it him freely, and the chiefest wench.

Spi. That he can finde, let that lie in the bargaine. Exeunt

The *Lord* Maior and the Cittizens hauing valiantly repulsed the Rebels from the Cittie: Enters Falconbridge and Spicing and their traine wounded and dismaied.

Spi. Hear'st thou Generall, theres hote drinking at the Mouth at Bishopsgate, for our souldiers are all Mouth, they lie like Rascals with their Braines beaten out, therefore since we are all like to feed hogges in Houndsditch, let vs retire our troups, and saue our maimed men, or if we issue further, we are put to the sword euery mothers sonne of vs.

Fal. Art thou that villaine in whose damned mouth,
Was neuer heard of any word but woundes:

Whose recreant limbes are nocht with gaping scarres,
Thicker then any carking craft-mans skoye,
Whose very skaipe is scratcht and cralde and broken,
Like an old mazzer beaten on the stones,
And standst thou now to saue our maimed men?
A plague vppon thee coward.

Spi. Why how now base Thomas? Swoundes, wert thou a base Vrall, thou art but a rascall and a rebel as I am, hearst thou, if I do not turne true Subiect and leaue thee, let me be worried with dogs, Swoundes dost thou impeach my manhood? Tom Neuill thou hadst as good to haue damd thy selfe as vttered such a word, flatly I forsake thee, and all ye loue Ned Spicing follow me.

Here the rest offer to follow him.

Fal. Come come yee teastie foole, thou seest me greeude,
Yet canst not beare with mine infirmity,
Thou knowest I holde thee for as tall a man
As any liues or breathes our English aire,
I know there liues not a more fierie spirite,
A more resolued valiant, a plague vpon it,
Thou knowest I loue thee, yet if a word escape
My lips in anger, how teastie then thou art?
I had rather all men left me then thy selfe,
Thou art my soule, thou art my Genius:
I cannot liue without thee not an hower,
Thus must I still be forc'd against my will, aside.
To sooth this durty slaue, this cowardly rascall.
Come, come be friendes, ye teastie firebrand,
We must retire there is no remedy.

Spi. Nay Tom, if thou wilt haue me mount on the walles
And cast my selfe downe headlong on their pikes,
Ile do it, but to impeach my valour,
Had any man but thou spoke halfe so much,
I would haue split his heart. Still beware
My valour, such words go hardly downe, (speakest
Well, I am friends, thou thoughtest not as thou

Fal. No on my soule, thou thinkst not that I did,
Sound a retrait there I command ye straite,
But whither shall wee retire?
Spr. To Mileend Greene, theres no fitter place,
Fal. Then let vs back retire to Mileend Greene,
And there expect fresh succour from our friendes,
With such supply as shall ere long assure
The Citie is our owne, march on, away. Exeunt.

Enter the L. Maior with his train and prentises.

Maior Ye haue bestird yee like good Cittizens,
And shewne your selues true subiects to your king,
You worthily prentises bestirde your selues,
That it did cheere my heart to see your valour,
The rebels are retirde to Mileende Greene.
Re. Where so we may not suffer them to rest.
But issue forth vpon them with fresh force.
Ios. My L. Maior, diligence doth wel, & so forth.
Matters must be looked into as they ought, indeed
should they, when things are well done, they are,
and so forth, for causes and things must indeede be
lookt into.
M. Wel sir, we very wel conceiue your meaning,
And you haue shewn your self a worthy gentlemã:
See that our wals be kept with courts of guard,
And wel defended against the enemie,
For we will now withdraw vs to Guild hall,
To take aduise what further must be don. Exeunt
Enter maister Shoare and Iane his wife.
Shore Be not afraid (sweete heart) the worst is past,
God haue the praise, the victorie is ours,
We haue preuailde, the rebels are repulsde,
And euerie streete of London soundeth ioy,
Canst thou then (gentle Iane) be sad alone?
Iane I am not sad now you are here with me,

My ioy, my hope, my comfort, and my loue,
My deere, deere husband, kindest Mathew Shoare,
But when these armes the circles of my soule,
Were in the fight so forward as I heard,
How could I choose, sweete heart, but be afraid?
Sho. Why dost thou tremble now, when perils past?
Ia. I thinke vpon the horror of the time,
But tel me why you fought so desperately?
Sho. First to maintaine King Edwards royaltie,
Next to defend the Citties libertie,
But cheefely Iane to keepe thee from the foyle,
Of him that to my face did vow thy spoyle,
Had he preuailde, where then had beene our liues,
Dishonored our daughters, rauished our faire wiues,
Possest our goods, and set our seruants free,
Yet al this nothing to the losse of thee.
Ia. Of me sweete heart? why howe should I be lost?
Were I by thousand stormes of fortune tost,
And should endure the poorest wretched life,
yet Iane will be thy honest loyall wife,
The greatest Prince the sunne did euer see,
Shall neuer make me proue vntrue to thee:
Sh. I feare not faire meanes, but a rebels force,
Ia. These hands shal make this bodie a dead corse,
Ere force or flatterie shal mine honour staine, (staine.
Sh. True fame survives, when death the flesh hath

Enter an Officer from the Lord Maior.

Of. God saue ye maister Shoare, & mistris by your leaue,
Sir my L. Maior sends for ye by mee,
And praies your speedie presence at Guyld hall,
Theres newes the rebels haue made head againe,
And haue ensconcde themselues vpon Mileend,
And presently our armed men must out,
You being Captaine of two companies
In honour of your valour and your skill,

Must leade the vaward, God & right stand with yee.
Sh. Friend tel my Lord Ile waite vpon him strait.
Ia. Friend tel my Lord he does my husband wrong,
To set him formost in the daunger still,
ye shall not go if I may haue my will.
S. Peace wife, no more, friend I will follow ye, Exit.
Ia. Iesaith ye shall not, prethee do not go.
Sh. Not go sweete heart: that were a cowards trick,
A traitors part to shrinke when others fight,
Enuie shall neuer say that Mathew Shore
The Goldsmith staid, when other men went out,
To meete his Kings and countries enemie,
No Iane, gainst al the rebels on Mileend,
I dare alone K. Edwards right defend.
Ia. If you be slaine, what shall become of mee?
Sh. Right well my wench, inowe wil marrie thee,
I leaue thee worth at least fiue thousand pound.
Ia. Marrie against: that word my heart doth wound,
Ile neuer marrie, nor I wil not liue, She weepes.
If thou be kild, let me go with thee Mat.
Sh. Tis idle talke good Iane, no more of that,
Go to my Ladie Maioresse and the rest,
As you are stil companion with the best,
With them be merrie, and pray for ouegood speede,
Ia. To part from thee my verie heart doth bleed. Exeunt.

Enter Falconbridge with his troupes marching, as being at Mileend.

Fa. Yet stand we in the sight of vpreare Troy,
And sucke the aire she drawes: our verie breath
Flies from our nostrils warme vnto the walles,
While beard her brisling spires, her battled towres,
And proudly stand and gaze her in the face,
Looke on me, and I doubt not ye imagine,
My worth as great as any one of yours,

My fortunes, would I basely fawne on Edward,
To be as faire as any mans in England,
But he that kepes your soueraigne in the Towre,
Hath seazde my land, and robd me of my right.
I am a Gentleman as well as hee,
What he hath got, he holdes by tyrannie,
Now if you faint or cowardly should flie,
There is no hope for any one to liue,
We heare the Londoners will leaue the Cittie,
And bidde vs battaile here on Mileend Greene,
Whom if we vanquish, then we take the towne,
And ride in triumph thorow Cheape to Paules,
The Mint is ours, Cheap, Lumbard street our owne
The meanest souldier wealthier then a King.

Spi. March faire ye rogues, all kings or cap-knitters: dost thou heare Tom Falconbridge? I pre thee grant me one boone I shal aske thée.

Fa. What is it Ned? its hard I should denie thée.

Spi. Why that when we haue wonne the Cittie, as wee cannot choose but winne it, that I may haue the knighting of all these rogues and rascalles.

Fal. What then?

Sp. What then? Zounds I scorne your scurule wry mouthed, what then? now a pore take me if I fight a blow.

Fal. why this is fine, go to, knight whom thou wilt:

Spi. Who, I knight any of them? Ile see them hangde first for a companie of tattred ragged rascalles, if I were a king, I would not knight one of them?

Chub. What not mee Caualero Chub?

Spi. Yes, I care not if I knight thee: and yet Ile sée thée hangd ere ile honour thee so much: I care not so much for the matter, but I would not be denide my humour.

Fal. Why what a peruerse fellow art thou Ned?

Spi. Ho my fine Tom, my braue Falconbridge, my mad Grecke, my lustie Neuill: thou art a king, a Cesar, A plague on thee, I loue thée not, and yet Ile die with thée.

Enter

Enter the Lord Maior, Recorder, Iosseline, Shoare, and their Souldiours marching.

Maior. See how rebellion can exalte it selfe,
Pruning the feathers of sicke discipline. (looks.
Recor. They think they can outlook our truer
S. Parke but the scornefull eie of Falconbridge.
M. I rather thinke tis feare vpon his cheeke,
Decypthers pale disturbance in his heart.
Ios. Our comming forth hath, wel, I say, no more,
But shall we take occasion, and so forth.
Rebellion should haue no respite, oh my Lord,
The time hath beene, but all is one for that.
Spi. How like a troupe of rank ore ridden Iades,
You bushie bearded Cittizens appeare?
Chub. Nay, rather so many men in the Moone,
And euerie one a furzen bush in his mouth. (them,
Spi. The foure & twentie wards: now faire befal
Would any one haue thought before this houre,
There had beene such increase of muddie slaues?
Spi. Peace souldiours, they are resolute you see,
And not to flatter vs, nor fauour them,
Such haughtie stomacks seldome haue been seene,
Imbodyed in the breasts of Cittizens,
How sternely in their owne peculiar strength,
Without the assistance of their lingering king,
Did they of late repulse vs from their walles?
And now againe how expeditiously,
And vnexpected they haue met vs here?
Were we more deadly incensed then we are,
I would not but commend their chiualrie.
Spi. Captaine, shal we go challenge them to fight?
Should we burne daylight, theile thinke anon,
We are afraid to see their glittering swords.
Ch. Tell them they come in steed of pudding pies,
And Stratford cakes to makes a banquet here.
Fal. Soft giue me leaue, I will deuise with words,

To weaken and abash their fortitude,
Re. The Bastard offers to come forth my Lord.
Ma. I am the man intend to answere him.
Fa. Crosbie.
Ma. Trayter.
all Traitour: sounds do wne with him.
Fa. Be patient, giue me leaue I say to speake,
I doubt not but the traitors name shall rest
With those that keeps their lawful K. in bonds:
Meane time ye men of London once againe,
Behold my warlike colours are displaide,
which I haue vowd shall neuer be wrapt vp,
Untill your lofte buildings kisse our feet,
Unlesse you grant me passage throgh your streets.
Re. Passage, sayst thou: that must be ore our
If any passage thou art like to haue. (breasts;
Fa. Why then vpon your bodies will I tread,
And wade through standing pooles of your lost bloud.
Sh. We know thy threats, and recken them as wind,
Not of sufficient powre to shake a reede.
Spi. But we shooke your gates not long agoe,
And made your walles to shake like ysish bogges.
Chub. I, and so terrified ye, that not one of ye durst come to fetch a pinte of sacke at the mouth at Bishopsgate, no not for your liues.
Jos. I but you know what followed, and so forth.
Spi. Et cetera: are you there? mee thinks the sight of the dun Bull, the Neuels honord crest, should make you leaue your broken sentences, and quite forgette euer to speake at all.
Sho. Nay then looke thou vpon our Citties armes,
Wherein is a bloudie dagger, that is it,
Wherewith a rebell like to Falconbridge,
Had his desert, meete for his trecherie,
Can you behold that, and not quake for feare?
Re. Since when, it is successiuely decreed,

Traitors

Traitours with vs shal neuer better speede.
Sp. Captaine and fellow souldiours talke no more,
But draw your meaning forth in down right blowes.
Falcon. Sound then alarum.
Maior, Do the like for vs, and where the right is,
there attend successe.
Ios. Stay and be better aduisde, why countrimen,
What is this Falconbridge you follow for
I could instruct you, but you know my mind.
And Falconbridge what are these rusticalles,
Thou shouldst repose such confidence in glasse,
Shall I informe thee? no, thou art wise inough,
Edward of Yorke delaies the time you say,
Therefore hee will not come, imagine so,
The Citties weake, hold that opinion stil,
And your pretence king Henries libertie.
True, but as how? shall I declare you? no.
what then? youle fight, a gods name take your choise,
I can no more but giue you mine aduise.
Fal. Away with this parenthises of words,
Crosbie courage thy men, and on this greene,
whose cause is right, let it be quickly seene.
Maior I am as readie as thou canst desire,
On then a Gods name.

They fight, the rebels driue them backe: then enter Falconbridge and Spicing.

Fa. This was well fought, now Spicing list to me,
The Cittizens thus hauing giuen vs ground,
And therefore somewhat daunted, take a band
Of Essex souldiours, and with all the speede
Then possibly canst make, withdraw thy selfe,
And get betweene the Citties gates and them.
Spi. Oh braue Tom Neuill, gallant Falconbridge,
I ayme at thy intended policie,

This is thy meaning, while thou art imployde,
And holdst them battaile here on Mileend Greene,
I must prouide as harbenger before,
There be not onely cleere and open passage,
But the best marchants houses to receiue
Vs and our retinew, I am proud of that,
And will not sleepe vpon thy iust command.
Fal. Away then I will follow as I may,
And doubt not but that ours will be the day.

After some excursions, enter Lord Maior and maister Shoare.

Ma. We haue recouered what before we lost,
And heauen stands with the iustice of our cause,
But this I noted in the fight euen now,
That part of this rebellious creiwe is sent,
By what direction, or for what intent,
I cannot ghesse, but may suspect the worst,
And as it seemes, they compasse it about,
To hemme vs in, or get the gate of vs,
And therefore Cosin Shoare, as I repose
Trust in thy valour and thy loyaltie,
Draw forth three hundred bowmen, & some pikes,
And presently encounter their assault.
Shoare. I haue your meaning, and effect my Lord,
I trust shall dissappoynt them of their hope.

After an alarum, Enter Spicing with drum and certaine Souldiours.

Spi. Come on my harts, we will be kings to night,
Carowse in Gold, and sleep with marchants wiues,
While their poore husbands loose their liues abroad,
We are now quite behind our enemies backs,
And theres no let or hindrance in the way,
But we may take possession of the towne,
Ah you mad rogues, this is the wished houre,
Follow your leader, and be resolute.

As he marcheth, thinking to enter, Shoare and his souldiers issue foorth and repulse him, after excursions, wherein the rebels are dispersst. Enter Maior, Recor. Shoare, Iosseline, and a Messenger talking with the Maior.

Maior. I, my good frend, so certifie his grace,
The Rebels are dispersed all and fled,
And now his Highnes meetes with victorie. *Exit Mess.*
Parshall your selues, and keepe in good aray:
To adde more glorie to this victory:
The king in person commeth to this place,
How great an honor haue you gainde to day?
And how much is this Cittie famde for euer,
That twise without the helpe, eyther of king,
Or any, but of God, and our owne selues,
We haue prevailde against our countries foes?
Thankes to his maiestie assisted vs,
Who alwaies helps true Subiectes in their need.
The Trumpets sound, then enters king *Edward*, L. *How*. Sellinger and the traine,

King. Where is my Lord Maior?
Maior. Here dread Soueraigne.
I hold no Lordship nor no dignitie,
In presence of my gratious Lord the king,
But all I humble at your highnes feet,
With the most happie conquest of proud rebels,
Dispearst and fled, that now remaines no doubt,
Of euer making head to ver vs more.
K. You haue not tane the bastard Falconbridge?
Or is he slaine?
M. Neither my gratious Lord.
Although we labourd to our vttermost,
Yet all our care came ouer short,
For apprehending him or Spicing eyther,
But some are taken, others on proffered grace,

Yeelded themselues, and at your merry stand.
K. Thanks good L. Maior, you may condemn vs
Of too much slacknes in such vrgent need:
But we assure you on our royall word,
So soone as we had gathered vs a power,
We dallied not, but made all haste we could,
What order haue ye tane for Falconbridge,
And his confederates in this rebellion?
Maior. Vnder your leaue my Liedge, we haue proclaimd
Who bringeth Falconbridge alive or dead,
Shall be requited with a thousand markes,
As much for Spicing, others of lesse worth
At easier rates are set.
K. Well haue ye done,
And wee will see it paid from our Exchequer.
Now leaue we this and come to you,
That haue so well deserude in these affaires,
Affaires, I meane of so maine consequence.
Kneele downe and all of you receiue in field,
The honor you haue merited in field.
There he drawes his sword and knightes them.
Arise Sir Iohn Crosbie, L. Maior of London and knight.
Arise vp Sir Ralph Iosseline knight.
Arise Sir Thomas Vrswicke our Recorder of London, and knight.
Now tell me which is M. Shoare.
Ma. This same my Lord,
And hand to hand he fought with Falconbridge.
King. Shoare kneele thou downe.
What call yee else his name?
Recor. His name is Mathew Shoare my Lord.
K. Shoare, why kneelest thou not, and at thy Soueraignes hand receiue thy right?
Shoare. Pardon me gratious Lord,
I do not stand contemptuous or despising,
Such royall fauour of my Soueraigne,

But

But to acknowledge mine vnworthinesse
Far be it from the thought of Mathew Shoare,
That he should be aduanced with Aldermen,
With our L. Maior, & our right graue Recorder.
If any thing hath beene performde by me,
That may deserue your Highnes mean'st respect,
I haue inough, and I desire no more,
Then let me craue that I may haue no more.

King. Well, be it as thou wilt, some other way
We will deuise to quittance thy desertes,
And not to faile therein vpon my word.
Now let me tell ye all my frendes at once,
Your king is married, since you saw him last,
And hastie, to helpe you in this needfull time,
Made me on sudden to forsake my bride.
But seeing all thinges are fallen out so well,
And there remaines no further doubt of ill,
Let me entreate you would goe boote your selues,
And bring your king a little on his way.
Now say you my Lord, shal it be so?

M. Now God forbid but that my Lord the king
Should alwaies haue his Subiectes at command.

Ioss. Forbid quotha? I in good sadnes, your maiestie shall finde vs alwaies readie, and so forth.

King. Why then set forward Gentlemen,
And come L. Maior, I must conferre with you.

Exeunt

Enter Falconbridge and Spicing with their weapons in their handes.

Spi. Art thou the man whose victories drawn at sea,
Fild euery heart with terror of thy name?
Art thou that Neuill whome we tooke thée for?
Thou art a lowse, thou bastard Falconbridge?
Thou baser then a bastard, in whose birth
The very dregges of seruitude appeares,
Why tel me, liuer of some rotten sheepe,

After by thy allurements we are brought,
To vndertake this course, after thy promises
Of many golden mountaines to ensue,
Is this the greatest comfort thou canst giue?
Hast thou infinarde our heedles feet with death,
And brought vs to the Gibbet of defame,
And now do st bid vs shift and saue our selues?
No crauen were I sure I should be tane,
I would not stirre my feet, vntill this hand
Had venged me on thee for misguiding vs.

Fal. Opprobrious villaine, stable excrement,
That neuer dreamst of other manhood yet,
But how to ierke a horse, vntill my words
Infuse into thee resolutions fire.
Controlst thou me for that wherein thy selfe,
Art onely the occasion of mishap?
Hadst thou and they stoode to it aswell as I,
The day had beene our owne, and London now,
That laughes in triumph, should haue wept in
But being backt by such faint harted slaues (teares
No marvaile if the Lyon go to wracke,
As though it were not incident to kinges,
Sometime to take repulse, mine is no more:
Nor is not for that muddy braine of thine
To tutor me how to digest my losse,
Then flie with those that are alreadie fled,
Or stay behinde, and hang all but the head.

Spi. Th' preiudice to Spicinges conquering name,
Whose valour euē the hacks this sword has made
Vpon the flint, and iron barres at Aldgate:
Like mouthes will publish whiles the Citty stands
That I shrunke backe: that I was neuer seene
To shew my manly spleene, but with a whip:
I tell thee Falconbridge the least of these,
Do challenge bloud before they be appeasde,

Fal. Away ye scoundrell, tempt not my resolue,

The

The courage that suruiues in Falconbridge,
Scornes the incounter of so base a drudge.
Spi. By the pure temper of this sword of mine,
By this true flesh and bloud that gripes the same,
And by the honour I did winne of late,
Against those frostie bearded Cittizens,
It shall be tride before we do depart,
Whether accuseth other wrongfully,
Or which of vs two is the better man.
Fal. I shall but quit the Hangman of a labour,
Yet rather then to be vpbraided thus,
The Eagle once will stope to feede on carrion.

They fight, enter Chub.

Ch. Hold if ye be men, if not, hold as ye are: rebels & strong theeues: I bring you newes of a proclamation, the King hath promised that whosoeuer can bring the head of Falconbridge, or Spicing, shall haue for his labour a thousande crownes, what meane you then to swagger? saue your selues.
Spi. This proclamations come in happie time,
Ile vanquish Falconbridge, and with this sword,
Cutt e off his head, and beare it to the king,
So not alone shall I be pardoned,
But haue the thousand crownes is promised.
Fal. This rascall was ordainde to saue my life,
For now when I haue ouerthrowne the wretch,
Euen with his head Ile yeeld me to the king,
His princely word is pass to pardon mee,
And though I were the cheefe in this rebellion,
Yet this will be a meanes to make my peace.
Chub. Oh that I knew how to betray them both.
Fal. How sayst thou Spi, wilt thou yeeld thy selfe?
For I haue vowde either aliue or dead
To bring thee to King Edward?
Sp. And I haue vowde the like by thee.

How will these two bad contraryes agree?
Chub. And I the same by both of you.
Fal. Come sir, ile quickly rid you of that care.
Spi. And what thou lottest me, shall be my share.
Chub. Here comes a miller, helpe to part the fray,
These are the rebelles Falconbridge and Spicing,
The worst of them is worth a thousand crownes.
Mill. Marrie and such a bootie would I haue,
Submit, submit, it is in vaine to strive, exit. Fal.
Spi. Why what art thou?
Mill. One that wil hamper you,
But whats the other that is fledde away?
Chub. Oh miller, that was Falconbridge,
And this is Spicing his companion.
Spi. I tell thee Miller thou hast been the means,
To hinder the most charitable deede,
That euer honest Christian vndertooke.
Chub. thou canst beare me witnesse I had tane
That most notorious rebell but for him,
M. But I haue taken thée, and the world knowes,
That Spicing is as badde as who is best.
Spi. Why thou mistakst, I am a true subiect.
Chub. Miller hee lies, be sure to hold him fast.
Spicing. Dost thou accuse me? apprehend him too,
For hees as guiltie as any of vs.
Miller. Come you shall both togither answere it,
Before my Lord Maior, and here hee comes.
Enter Lord Maior, Iosseline, and other attendants.
Ma. Sir Ralph Iosseline, haue you euer seene a Prince more affable then Edward is? what merrie talke he had vpon the way.
Ios. Doubtlesse my Lord heele prove a royall King.
But how now what are these?
Miller. God saue your honour,
Here I present vnto you my lord Maior,
A paire of rebelles, whom I did espie

As I was busie grinding at my mill,
And taking them for vagrant idle knaues,
That had beset some trueman from his house,
I came to keepe the peace, but afterward,
Found that it was the bastard Falconbridge,
And this his mate together by the eares,
The one, for al that I could doo, escapte,
The other standeth at your mercie here.

Maior. It is the rebell Spicing.

Spicing. It is indeed:
I see you are not blind you know mee then.

Mai. Well miller, thou hast done a subiects part,
And worthily deserust that recompence
Is publikely proclaimed by the King,
But whats this other? I haue seene his face,
And as I take it, he is one of them.

Mil. I must confesse, I took them both together,
Hee aided me to apprehend the rest.

Chub. A telles you true my Lord, I am Chub the Chaundler, and I curse the time that euer I saw their faces, for if they had not beene, I had liude an honest man in mine owne countrie, and neuer come to this.

Sp. But rogue, dost thou recant for feare of death?
I Maior, I am he that sought to cut your throate,
And since I haue miscarried in the fact,
Ile nere denie it, do the worst you can.

Ma. Bring him away, he shal haue martial law,
and at the next tree we do come vnto,
be hangde to rid the world of such a wretch,
Miller thy dutie is a thousand marks,
which must be sharde betwixt thee and this poore fellow, that did reueale him. And Sirra, your life is saude, on this condition, that you hang vp Spicing, how sayst thou, wilt thou do it?

Chub. Will I doo it? what a question is that?

I would hang him if he were my Father, to saue mine owne life.

Maior. Then when yee haue done it, come home to my house, and there ye truely shall haue your reward.

Spi. Well sirra, then thou must be my hangman:

Chub. I by my troth sir, for fault of a better.

Spi. Well, commend me to little Pim, and pray her to redeeme my pande hose, they lie at the blew Bore for eleuen pence, and if my hostesse will haue the other odde penie, tell her she is a damned bawde, and there is no truth in her store.

Chub. Take no thought sir for your pande hose, they are louse, and not worth the redeeming.

Spi. There is a Constable sticks in my mind, hee got my sword from me, that night I should haue killed black Ralph, if I had liude, I would haue beene meete with him.

Chub. I sir, but heres a thing shall take an order for that.

Spi. Commend me to blacke Luce, bounsing Belle, and lustie Kate, & al the other pretie morsels of mans flesh. Farewell Pinke and Pimmesse, Fliboate, and Carnell, Turnbull, and Spittle, I die like a man.

Chub. Oh Captaine spicing, thy vaine inticing,
brought mee from my trade,
From good candles making, to this paines taking,
a rebell to be made,
Therefore Ned Spicing, to quit thy enticing,
this must be thy hope,
By one of thy fellowes, to be led to the Gallowes,
to end in a rope. Exeunt

Enter Hobs the Tanner of Tamworth.

Hobs. Dudgeon, dost thou heare, look wel to Brocke my mare, driue Dunne and her faire and softly downe the hill, and take heede the thorne teare not the horne of my Cowe hides, as thou goest neere the hedges: ha, what saist thou knaue? is the Bulles hide downe? why lay it vp again, what care I? Ile meete thee at the stile, and help to set all straight.

And

And yet God helpe, its a crooked world, and an vnthriftie, for some that haue nere a shoe, had rather go barefoote, then by clout-leather to mend the old, when they can buy no new, for they haue time inough to mend al, they sit so long betwéen the cuppe and the wall, well God amend them, God amende them. Lette me see by my executor here, my leather pouch, what I haue taken, what I haue spent, what I haue gained, what I haue lost, and what I haue laide out : my taking is more then my spending, for heres store left. I haue spent but a groate, a pennie for my two Iades, a pennie to the poore, a pennie pot of ale, and a pennie cake for my man and me, A dicker of Cowhides cost mee

Here enter the Queene and Duchesse with their riding roddes, vnpioning their masks, Hobs goes forward.

Snafles who comes here? mistris Ferries, or mistris what call ye her? Put vppe Iohn *Hob* s, money tempts beautie.

Du. Well met good fellow, sawst thou not the hart?

Ho. My heart? God blesse me from seeing my heart.

Du. Thy heart? the deere man, we demaund the deere.

Hobs. Do you demaund whats deere? marie corne and cow hides, Passe a good snug lasse, well like my daughter Nell, I had rather then a bend of leather shee and I might smutch togither.

Duchesse. Camst thou not downe the woodde?

Hobs Yes mistris that I did.

Duch. And sawst thou not the déere imbost.

Hobs. By my hood ye make me laugh, what the dickens is it loue that makes ye prate to me so fondly, by my fathers soule I would I had iobd faces with you.

Huntsm. Why how now *Hobs*, so saucie with the Duchesse and the Queene?

Hobs. much Queene I trow, these be but women, and one of them is like my wench, I would she had her ragges, I would gine a loade of heare and hornes, and a fat of leather, to match her to some Iustice, by the meg hollie.

2 *Hunts.* Be silent Tanner, and aske pardon of the Queen,

Hobs. And ye bee the Queene, I crie ye mercie good mistris Queene.

Q. No fault my friend, Madam lets take our bowes,
And in the standing sèeke to get a shoote.

Du. Come bend our bowes, and bring the herd of deere.
Exeunt.

Hobs. God send yée good standing, and good striking, and fat flesh, sée if all Gentlewomen be not alike when they blacke faces be on, I took the Queene, as I am true Tanner, for mistris Ferris.

Enter Sellenger and Howard in Greene.

Hobs. Soft, who comes here, more knaues yet?

Sel. Ho, good fellow, sawst thou not the King?

Hobs. No good fellow, I saw no king, which king doost thou aske for.

How. Why King *Edward*, what king is there else?

Hob. Theres another King and ye could hit on him, one Harrie, one *Harrie*, and by our Ladie they say, hees the honester man of the two.

Sellen. Sirra beware you speake not treason.

Hobs. What if I do?

Sellen. Then thoult be hangde.

Hobs. A dogges death, ile not meddle with it, for by my troth I know not when I speake treason, when I do not, theres such halting betwixt two kings, that a man cannot go vpright, but he shall offend tone of them. I would God had them both for me.

How. Well, thou sawst not the king?

Hobs. No, is he in the countrie?

How. Yees Hunting here at Drayton Basset.

Hobs. The deuill he is, God blesse his mastership: I sawe a woman here that they said was the Queene, shée as like my daughter, but my daughter is the fairer, as euer I sée.

Sel. Farewell fellow, speake well of the King, *Exeunt.*

Hobs. God make him an honest man, I hope thats well spoken, for byth mouse foote, some giue him hard woords,

whether

whether he serues him or not, let him looke to that, Ile medle of my cow hide, and let the world slide.

Enter the king disguisde.

The Diuell in a dung cart, howe these roysters swarme in the Countrie now the King is so neere: God liuer me from this, for this lokes like a theefe, but a man cannot tell amongst these Courtnoies whoes true.

K. *Ed.* Holla my friend, good fellow pre thee stay,

Hob. No such matter, I haue more haste of my way.

K. Ed. If thou be a good fellow, let me borrow a word.

Hobs. My purse thou meanest, I am no good fellow, and I pray God thou beest not one.

K. *Edward.* Why? dost thou not loue a good fellow?

Hobs. No, good fellowes bee theeues.

K. Edw. Dost thou thinke I am one?

Hobs. Thought is free, and thou art not my ghostly father.

K. Ed. I meane thée no harme.

Hobs. Who knowes that but thy selfe? I pray God he spie not my purse.

K. Ed. On my troth I meane thee none.

Hobs. Upon thy oath ile stay: now, what sayst thou to me? speake quickly, for my company staies for me beneath at the next stile.

K. Ed. The king is hunting hereabouts, didst thou see his maiestie?

Hobs. His maiestie, whats that? his horse, or his mare?

K. *Ed.* Tush, I meane his Grace.

Hobs. Grace quotha? pray God he haue anie: which King dost thou quire for?

K. Ed. Why for King Edward, knowst thou any more Kings then one?

Hobs. I know not so many, for I tell thee I know none, marie I heare of King Edward.

K. Ed. Didst thou see his Highnesse?

Hobs. By my hollidame, thats the best tearme thou gaust him yet, hees high inough, but hee has put poore King Harrie

v inough.

K.Ed. How low hath he put him?

Hay, I cannot tell, but he has put him downe, for hee has
t the crowne, much good doot him with it.

K.Ed. Amen, I like thy talke so well, I would I knew thy
ame.

Hobs. Dost thou not know mee?

K.Ed. No.

Hobs. Then thou knowst no bodie: didst never heare of
ohn Hobs the Tanner of Tamworth.

K. Ed. Not till now I promise thee, but now I like thee
ell.

Hobs. So do not I thée, I feare thou art some out-rider, that
nes by taking of purses here on Bassets heath, but I feare
ee not, for I haue wared all my money in Cowhides, at
olesil market, and my man and my mare are hard by at the
ill foote.

Ki.Ed. Is that thy Grey mare thats tide at the stile with
he hides on her backe.

Hobs. Thats Brocke my mare, and theres dunne my nag,
nd Dudgeon my man.

K. Ed. Theres neither man nor horse, but only one mare.

Hobs. Gods blew budkin, has the knaue serude me so? fare-
well, I may loose hides, hornes, and mare and all, by prating
with thee.

K.Ed. Tarrie man, tarrie, thesse sooner take my gelding
then thy gray mare, for I haue tide mine by her.

Hobs. That will I see afore ile take your word.

K.Ed. Ile beare thée company.

Hobs. I had as lieue goe alone. Exeunt.

Enter the two huntsmen againe with the Bowes.

1 hunts. Now on my troth the Quéen shoots passing well.

2 hunts. So did the Duchesse when she was as yong.

1 hunts. Age shakes the hand, and shoots both wide & short:

2 hunts. What haue they giuen vs?

1 hunts. Sixe rose nobles iust:

2 hunts. The

2 hunts. The Queene gaue soure.

1 hunts, True, and the Duchesse twaine.

2 hunts. O were we euer so paide for our paine.

1 hunts. Tut, had the King come, as they said he would, he would haue rainde vpon vs showres of gold.

2 hunts. Why he is hunting some where here about, lets first go drinke, and then go seeke him out. Exeunt.

Enter King Edward againe, and Hobs.

K. *Ed.* How saist thou Tanner, wilt thou take my courser for thy mare?

Hobs. Courser calist thou him? so ill mought I fare, thy skittish Iade will neuer abide, to carrie my lether, my hornes nor hide.

K. Ed. But if I were so mad to scorse, what boote wouldst thou giue mee?

Hobs. Nay boote, thats boote woorthie, I looke for boot of thee.

Hob. Ha, ha, a merrie Iigge, why man, Brocke my mare knowes ha and Ree, and will stand when I crie ho, and let me get vp and downe, and make water when I doe.

Ed. Ile giue thee a Noble if I like her pace, lay thy Cowbydes in my saddle, and lets iog towardes Drayton.

Hob. Ti's out of my way, but I begin to like thée well.

Ed. Thou wilt like me better before wee doe parte,
I pray thée tell mée, what say they of the king?

Hob. Of the kinges thou mean'st, art thou no blab if I tel thée?

Ed. If the king know't not now, hée shall neuer know it for mée.

Hob. Marie they say king Harrie's a very aduoutrie man.

King. A deuout man, and whats king Edward?

Hobs. Hees a Franke Franion, a merrie companion and loues a wench well, they say he has married a poore widdow because shees faire.

King. Dost thou like him the worse for that?

Hob. No by my Fockens, but the better, for though I bee

a plaine Tanner, I loue a faire lasse my selfe.

King. Wée thée tel mée, how loue they king Edward?

Hob. Faith as poore folkes loue holidaies, glad to haue them now and then, but to haue them come too often, will vndo them, so to sée the king now and then ti's comfort, but euerie day would begger vs, and I may to thée, we fear wée shalbe troubled to lend him money, for wee doubt hees but néedy.

King. Wouldst thou lend him no money if he should neede?

Hob. By my hallydome yes, he shall haue halfe my store, and sle sell sole leather to helpe him to more.

King. Faith whether louest thou better Harrie or Edward.

Hob. Nay, thats counsell, and two may keepe it, if one be away.

King. Shall I say my conscience? I think Harrie is the true king.

Hob. Art aduised of that? Harrie's of the old house of Lancaster, and that progenitie do I loue.

K. And thou dost not hate the house of Yorke?

H. Why no, for I am iust a kin to Sutton Wind-mill, I can grinde which way so ere the wind blow, if it bee Harrie I can say well fare Lancaster, if it bee Edward I can sing Yorke, Yorke for my money.

King. Thou art of my mind, but I say Harrie is the lawfull king, Edward is but an vsurper, and a foole and a Coward.

H. Nay there thou lyest, he has wit inough, and courage inough, dost thou not speake treason?

King. I, but I know to whome I speake it.

H. Dost thou? well if I were Constable, I should be forswore if I set thée not in the stockes for it.

K. Well let it goe no further, for I did serue king Harrie and I loue him best, though now I serue king Edward.

H. Thou art the arranter knaue to speake ill of thy master, but sirra whats thy name, what office hast thou? and what

what will the king doe for thée?

K. My name is Ned, I am the kinges Butler, and he will do more for me, then for any Noble man in the Court.

Hob. The Diuell hee will, hees the more foole, and so ile tell him, if ere I sée him, and I wuld I might see him in my poore house at Tamworth.

K. Goe with me to the Court and ile bring thee to the king and what sute so ere thou haue to him, ile warrant thée to spéede.

H. I ha' nothing to do at Court, ile home with my Cowhides, and if the king will come to me he shall be welcome.

K. Haste thou no sute touching thy trade, to transport hydes or sell leather onely in a certaine circuite, or about Barke, or such like, to haue Letters pattents?

H. By the Masse and the Mattens I like not those Pattens, sirra they that haue them, do as the Priestes did in olde time, buy and sell the sinnes of the people, so they make the king believe they mend whats amisse, and for money they make the thing worse then it is, theres another thing int too, the more is the pitie?

K. What pittie Iohn Hobs? I préc thée say all.

H. Faith ti's pittie that one subiect should haue in his hand that might do good to many through the land.

K. Saiest thou me so Tanner? well lets cast lots whether thou shalt goe with me to Draiton, or I goe home with thée to Tamworth.

H. Lot me no lotting, ile not goe with thée, if thou wilt go with me, cause thart my Lieges man (and yet I thinke hee has many honester) thou shalt bee welcome to Iohn Hobs, thou shalt bee welcome to biefe and bacon, and perhappes a bagpudding, and my daughter Nell shall pop a possel vpon thee when thou gost to bed.

K. Heres my hand, ile but goe and see the king serude, and and ile be at home as soone as thy selfe.

H. Dost thou here me *Ned*? if I shalbe thy host.

[illegible] thou art [illegible] the Post.

K. Farewell Iohn Hobs, the honest true Tanner
I see plaine men by obseruation,
Of thinges that alter in the chaunge of times,
Do gather knowledge, and the meanest life,
Proportiond with content sufficiencie,
Is merier then the mighty state of kings. {Enters How and Selling.
How now: what newes bring ye sirs,
Wheres the Queene?

Sel. Her Highnes and your mother my dread Lord,
Are both inuited by Sir Humphrey Bowes,
Where they entend to feast and lodge this night,
And do expect your Graces presence there.

K. Tom Sellinger I haue other busines;
Astray from you and all my other traine,
I met a Tanner, such a mery mate,
So frolycke, and so full of good conceite,
That I haue giuen my word to be his guest,
Because he knowes me not to be the king:
God Cosen Howard grudge not at the iest,
But greete my mother and my wife from mée,
Bid them be merrie, I must haue my humor,
Let them both sup and sleepe when they see time,
Commend me kindly to Sir Humphrey Bowes,
Tell him at breakefast I will visite him.
This night Tom Sellinger and I must feast
With Hobs the Tanner, there plaine Ned and Tom,
No king nor Sellinger for a thousand pound.

Enter a Messenger booted with letters,
and kneeling giues them to the king.

How. The Queene and Dutches will be discontent,
Because his Highnes comes not to the feast.

Sel. Sir Humphrey Bowes may take the most conceite,
But whats the end, the king will haue his pleasure?

King. Good newes my hopes, Harrie the first is dead, peruse that letter: sirra, drinke you that, giues his purse, and stay not but poste backe againe for life, and thanke my Bro-

ther

ther Gloster for his newes, commend me to him, ile see him to morrow night. How like yee it sirs? Exit Messenger.

Sel. O passing well my Liege, you may be merrie for these happie newes.

King. The merrier with our host the Tanner Tom,
My Lord take you that letter to the Ladies,
Bidde them be merrie with that second course,
And if wee see them not before wee goe,
Pray them to iourney easily after vs,
Weele post to London, so good night my Lord. Exeunt.

Enter Hobs and his daughter Nel.

Hobs. Come Nell, come daughter, is your hands and your face washed?

Nell. I forsooth Father.

Hobs. Yee must bee cleanely I tell yee, for there comes a Courtiole hither to night, the kings maisterships Butler, Ned, a spruce youth, but beware ye be not in loue nor ouertaken by him, for Courtiers be slipperie lads.

Nell No forsooth father.

Hobs. Gods blessing on thee, that halfe yeeres schooling at Liechfield, was better to thee then house and land, it has put such manners into thee. I forsooth and no forsooth at euerie word, yee haue a cleane smocke on, I like your apparell well, is supper readie?

Nell. I forthsooth father.

Hobs. Haue wee a good barley bagpudding, a peece of fat Bacon, a good cow heele, a hard cheese, and a browne loafe.

Nell. All this forsooth, and more, yee shall haue a posset, but indeede the rattes haue spoyled your hard cheese.

Hobs. Now the diuell choake them, so they haue eate mee a farthing candle the other night.

Dudgeon within. What maister maister?

Hobs. How now knaue, what saist thou Dudgeon?

Du. Heres guests come, wheres Hellen?

Hobs. What guests be they?

Du. A courtiole, one Ned the kings Butcher he sayes,

and his friends too.

Hobs. Ned the kings butcher: ha, ha, the Kings butler, take their horses, and walke them, and bidde them come neare house, Nell lay the cloath, and clappe supper oth boord. Exit Nell.

Enter King Edward and Sellenger.

Mas heres Ned indeede and another misproude Ruffian, Welcome Ned, I like thy hone lie, thou keepest promise.

K. Ed. I saith honest Tanner, sie euer keep promise with thée, pre thee bid my friende welcome.

Hobs. By my troth ye are both welcome to Tamworth: friend I know not your name.

Sel. My name is Tom Twist?

Hobs. Beleeue ye that list: but ye are welcome both, and I like ye both well but for one thing.

Sel. Whats that?

Hobs. Nay that I keepe to my selfe, for I sigh to see and think, that pride brings many a one to exstruction.

King. Pre thee tel vs thy meaning.

Hobs. Troth I doubt yee nere came truely by all these gay ragges. Tis not your bare wages and thinne fees yee haue of the King, can keepe ye thus fine, but either yee must robbe the king priuily, or his subiects openlie, to maintaine your probicallity.

Sellen. Thinkest thou so Tanner?

Hobs. Tis no matter what I think, come lets go to supper, What Nell, what Dudgeon, where be these folkes?

Enter Nell and Dudgeon, with a Table couered.

Daughter bid my friendes welcome.

Nell. Yee are welcome Gentlemen as I may say.

Sellen. I thanke yee faire maide. kisse her both.

King. A prettie wench by my faye.

Hobs. How likest her Ned?

King. I like her so well, I would yee would make me

your some in law.

Hobs. And I like thee so well Ned, that hadst thou an occupation, for seruice is no heritage, a pong courtier, an olde begger, I could find in my hart to cast her away vpon thee, and if thou wilt forsake the court and turne Tanner, or bind thy selfe to a shoomaker in Liechfield, ile giue thee twentie nobles readie money, with my Nell, and trust thee with a Dicker of leather, to sette vp thy trade.

Sel. Ned he offers ye faire, if ye haue the grace to take it.

King. He does indeede Tom, and hereafter ile tell him more.

Hobs. Come sit down to supper: go to Nell, no more sheeps eies, ye may be caught I tell ye, these be licorish ladies.

Nel. I warrant ye father, yet intruth Ned is a very proper man, and tother may serue, but Neds a pearle in mine eie.

Hobs. Daughter, call Dudgeon & his fellowes, weele haue a three men song, to make our guests merie. *Exit* Nell.

Nailes what courtnoles are yee? reele neither talke nor eate, What newes at the court? do somewhat for your meate.

King. Heaue newes there, King Henrie is dead.

Hobs. Thats light newes and merry for your maister king Edward.

King. But how will the commons take it?

Hobs. Well, God be with good King Henrie, saith the Commons will take it as a common thing, deaths an honest man, for he spares not the king: for as one comes, anothers tane away, and seldome comes the better, thats all wee say.

Sellenger. Wherewdly spoken Tanner by my fay.

Hobs. Come fill me a cuppe of mother Whetstones ale, I may drinke to my friendes, and driue downe my tale. Here Ned and Tom I drinke to ye: and yet if I come to the court, I doubt youle not know mee.

King. Yes, Tom shal be my suretie Tanner, I will know thee.

Sel. If thou dooest not Ned, by my troth I beshrewe thee.

King. I drinke to my wife that may be.

Sellen. Faith Ned thou maist live to make her a Ladie.

King. Tush, her father offers nothing, having no more children but her.

Hobs. I would I had not, condicion shee had all. But I have a knaue to my son, I remember him by you, euen such an vnthrift as one of you two, that spends all on gay clothes and new fashions, and no worke will downe with him, that I feare heele be hangde, God bless you from a better fortune, yet you weare such filthie breekes, Lord, were not this a good fashion: yes, and would saue many a faire penie.

King. Let that passe, and let vs heare your song.

Hobs. Agrede, agreede, come, sol, sol, sol, sa, sa, sa, say Dudgeon.

Here they Sing the threemans Song.

Agencourt, Agencourt, know ye not Agencourt,
Where the English slew and hurt,
all the French foemen:
With our Gunnes and billes browne,
O the French were beaten downe,
Morrys pikes and bowmen, &c.

Sellenger. Well sung good fellowes, I would the King heard yee.

Hobs. So would I faith, I would straine a noate for him: Come take away, and lets to bedde, yee shall haue cleane sheetes Ned, but they bee course, good strong hempe, of my daughters owne spinning, and I tell thee, your Chamber pot must bee a faire horne, a badge of our occupation, for we buy no bending peauter, nor bending earth.

King. No matter *Hobs*, wee will not goe to bedde.

Hobs. What then?

King. Euen what thou wilt, for it is neere day.
Tanner Gramercies for our heartie cheere,
If ere it be thy chance to come to court,
Enquire for mee Ned the kings Butler,

Do Tom of the kings chamber my companion,
And see what welcome wee will giue thee there.

Hobs. I haue heard of courtiers haue sayd as mucó as you, and when they haue beene tride, would not bidde their friends drinke.

Sel. We are none such, let our horses bee brought out,
For wee must away, and so with thankes farewell.

Hobs. Farewell to ye both, commend me to the king, and tell him I would haue beene glad to haue seene his worship heere. exit.

King. Come Tom for London, horse, and hence away.

Enter the Vice-admirall and the Captaine of the Ile of Wight, with Falconbridge bound, the headsman bearing the axe before him.

Mor. Thomas Neuill, yet hast thou gracious time,
Of deere repentance, nowe discharge thy conscience,
Lay open thine offences to the world,
That wee may witnesse thou doost die a Christian.

Fal. Why Sir Harrie Moorton haue you arraignde,
Condemnde, and brought me to this place,
Of bloudie execution, and nowe aske,
If I be guiltie, therein doth appeare,
What iustice you haue vsed, call you this law?

Cap. Thou dost mistake our meaning Falconbridge,
Wee do not aske as being ignorant,
Of thy transgression, but as vrging thee,
To heartie sorrow for thy vile misdeedes,
That heauen may take compassion on thy soule,

Fal. How charitable you would seeme to bee?
I feare anon youle say it is for loue,
You bind me thus, and bring me to the blocke,
And that of meere affection you are moouede,
To cut my head off, cunning pollicie:

Such butchers as your selues do neuer want,
A colour to excuse your slaughterous mindes.
Mor. We butcher thee? canst thou deny thy selfe,
But thou hast beene a pyrate on the sea?
Canst thou denie but with the communaltie
Of Kent and Essex, thou didst rise in armes,
And twise assault the Cittie London, where
Thou twise didst take repulse, and since that time,
Canst thou denie, that being fled from thence,
Thou joynedst in confederacy with France, (here,
And camest with them to burne Southhampton
Are these no faults thou shouldst so much presume,
To cleere thy selfe, and lay thy bloud on vs?
Fal. Heare me Sir Harrie, since we must dispute.
Cap. Dispute vnciuil wretch, what néds dispute,
Did not the Viceadmirall heere, and I
Incountring with the Naue of the French,
Attach thee in a shippe of Normandie,
And wilt thou stand vpon thine innocence?
Dispatch, thou art as rightfully condemnde
As euer rebell was. And thou shalt die.
Fal. I make no question of it, I must die,
But let me tell you how I scorne your threates,
So little doo I reckon of the name,
Of ougly death, as were hee visible,
I'de wrastle with him for the victorie,
And tugge the slaue, and teare him with my téeth,
But I would make him stoope to Falconbridge,
And for this life, this paltrie brittle life,
This blast of winde which you haue labourde so,
By iuries, sessions, and I know not what,
To rob me off, is of so vile reputé:
That to attaine that I might liue mine age,
I would not giue the value of a poynt,
You cannot be so cruell to afflict,
But I will be as forward to indure.
Mor. Go to, leaue off these idle braues of thine:

And thinke vpon thy soules health Falconbridge.
Cap. Submit and aske forgiueneſſe of thy King.
Fal. What King?
Mor. Why Edward of the houſe of Yorke.
Fal. He is no King of mine, he does vſurpe,
And if the deſtenies had giuen mee leaue,
I would haue told him ſo before this time,
And pull the Diademe from off his head.
Mor. Thou art a traitor, ſtop thy traitors mouth.
Fal. I am no traitor Lancaſter is King.
If that be treaſon to defende his right,
What ill for them that do imprison him?
If insurrection to aduance his ſcepter,
What fault is theirs that ſtep into his throane?
Oh God, thou pourdſt the balme vpon his head,
Can that pure vnction be wipte off againe?
Thou once did crowne him in his infancie,
Shall wicked men now in his age depoſe him?
Oh pardon me, if I expoſtulate,
Dore then becomes a ſinfull man to doo,
England I feare thou wilt thy follie rue.
Cap. Thou trifleſt time, and doſt but wearie vs
With dilatorie queſtions, make an ende,
Fal. Indeede the end of all kingdomes muſt end,
Honour and riches all muſt haue an end.
And he that thinks he doth the moſt preuaile,
His head once laide, there reſteth but a tale:
Come fellow, do thy office, what me thinks,
Thou lookeſt as if thy heart were in thy hoſe,
Pull vp thy ſpirits, it will be quickly doone,
A blow or two at moſt will ſerue the turne.
Head. Forgiue me ſir your death,
Fal. Forgiue thee? I and giue thee too,
Hold, there is ſome few crowines for thee to drinke,
Tuſh weepe not man, giue lookers leaue to plaine,
And yet faith my loſſe I count a gaine,
First let me ſee, is thy axe ſharpe inough,

I am indifferent, wel a Gods name to this geare,
Head. Come & yéeld your head gently to the blocke,
Fal. Gently sayst thou: thou wilt not vse mee so:
But all is one for that, what strength hast thou:
Throughout the whole proportion of thy limbes,
Reuoke it all into thy manly armes,
And spare me not, I am a Gentleman,
A Neuill and a Falconbridge beside,
Then do thy worke, thou maist get credit by it,
For if thou dost not, I must tell thee plaine,
I shall be passing angrie when tis doone.
Head. I warrant you sir, none in the land shall do it better.
Fal. Why now thou pleasest me, England farewel,
And old Plantagenet, if thou suruiue,
Thinke on my loue, although it did not thriue.

He is led forth.

Mor. As for his head, it shall be sent with speed
To London, and the promised reward,
Allotted for the apprehending him,
Be giuen vnto the poore of Southhampton here:
Now say you Captaine, are you so content?
Cap. With all my heart, but I do maruel much
We heare not of the messenger wee sent,
To giue the King intelligence of this:
M. Take truce with your surmises, here he comes.

Enter a Messenger.

Fellow it seemes that thou art slow of gate,
Or very negligent in our affayres,
What saies King Edward to our seruice done?
Mes. To answere you directly and as breefely,
I spoke not with him, for when I was come,
To Drayton Basset, where they said hee was,
Twas told me there, that euen the night before,
His highnes in al haste, was rid towards London:

The occasion, *Henries* death within the Tower,
Of which the people are in sundry tales,
Some thinking he was murdred, some againe
Supposing that he dyed a naturall death.

Mor. Well how so ere, that concernes not vs,
We haue to doe with no mans death, but his,
That for his treason here hath lost his head.
Come let vs giue direction as before,
And afterward make backe vnto the shore.

Exeunt.

Enter the *Lord* Maior in his scarlet gowne, with a guilded rapier by his side.

Ma. I marie Crosbie this befittes thee well,
But some will meruaile that with a scarlet gowne,
I weare a guilded rapier by my side:
Why let them know, I was knighted in the field,
For my good seruice to my Lord the king,
And therefore I may weare it lawfully,
In Court, in Cittie, or at any royall banquet.
But soft Iohn Crosbie, thou forgetst thy selfe,
And dost not mind thy birth and parentage,
Where thou wast borne, and whence thou art de-
I do not shame to say, the Hospitall (riude,
Of London was my chiefest fostering place,
There did I learne, that neare vnto a Crosse,
Commonly called Cow Crosse neare Illington,
An honest Cittizen did chaunce to find me,
A poore Shoemaker by trade he was,
And doubting of my Christendome or no,
Calde me according to the place he found me,
Iohn Crosby, finding me so by a Crosse.
The Maisters of the Hospitall at further yeares,
Bound me apprentise to the Grocers trade,
Wherein God pleasde to blesse my poor endeuours
That by his blessinges I am come to this.
The man that found me I haue well requited,

I am indifferent, wel a Gods name to this geare,
Head. Come & yéeld your head gently to the blocke,
Fal. Gently sayst thou: thou wilt not vse mee so:
But all is one for that, what strength hast thou:
Throughout the whole proportion of thy limbes,
Reuoke it all into thy manly armes,
And spare me not, I am a Gentleman,
A Neuill and a Falconbridge beside,
Then do thy work, thou maist get credit by it,
For if thou dost not, I must tell thee plaine,
I shall be passing angrie when tis doone.
Head. I warrant you sir, none in the land shall do it better.
Fal. Why now thou pleasest me, England farewel,
And old Plantagenet, if thou suruiue,
Thinke on my loue, although it did not thriue.

He is led forth.

Mor. As for his head, it shall be sent with speed
To London, and the promised reward,
Allotted for the apprehending him,
Be giuen vnto the poore of Southhampton here:
How say you Captaine, are you so content:
Cap. With all my heart, but I do maruel much
We heare not of the messenger wee sent,
To giue the King intelligence of this:
M. Take truce with your surmises, here he comes.

Enter a Messenger.

Fellow it seemes that thou art slow of gate,
Or very negligent in our affayres,
What sates King Edward to our seruice done:
Mes. To answere you directly and as breefely,
I spoke not with him, for when I was come,
To Drayton Basset, where they said hee was,
Twas told me there, that euen the night before,
His highnes in al haste, was rid towards London:

The occasion, *Henries* death within the Tower,
Of which the people are in sundry tales,
Some thinking he was murdred, some againe
Supposing that he dyed a naturall death.
Mor. Well how so ere, that concernes not vs,
We haue to doe with no mans death, but his,
That for his treason here hath lost his head.
Come let vs giue direction as before,
And afterward make backe vnto the shore.

Exeunt.

Enter the *Lord* Maior in his scarlet gowne, with a guilded rapier by his side.

Ma. I marie Crosbie this besittes thee well,
But some will meruaile that with a scarlet gowne,
I weare a guilded rapier by my side:
Why let them know, I was knighted in the field,
For my good seruice to my Lord the king,
And therefore I may weare it lawfully,
In Court, in Cittie, or at any royall banquet.
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Bound me apprentise to the Grocers trade,
Wherein God pleasde to blesse my poor endeuours
That by his blessinges I am come to this.
The man that found me I haue well requited,

And to the Hospitall my soffering place,
An hundred pound a yeare I giue for euer,
Likewise in memorie of me Iohn Crosby
In Bishopsgate stréte a poore house haue I built,
And as my name haue called it Crosbie house,
And when as God shall take me from this life,
In little S. Hellens will I be buried:
All this declares, I boast not of my birth,
But found on earth, I must returne to earth.
But God for his pittie I forget my selfe,
The king my soueraigne Lord will come anone,
And nothing is as yet in readines.
Where are ye Cosin Shoar? nay where is Mistresse Shoare?
Oh I am sorry that thee stayes so long,
See what it is to be a widower,
And lacke a Lady Maioresse in such need.

Enter M. Shoare, and Mistresse Shoare.

Oh are ye come? welcome good Cosin Shoare,
But you indeed are welcome gentle Niece.
Needes must you be our Lady Maioresse now,
And helpe vs, or else we are shamde for euer,
Good Cosin still thus am I bolde with you.

Sh. With al my hart my Lord, and thanks ye too,
That you do p'ease to vse our homely helpe.

Ma. Why see how neatly thee bestirres her selfe,
And in good sooth makes huswifery to shine:
Ah had my Lady Maioresse liu'de to see
Faire Mistresse Shoar thus beautifie her house,
She would haue beene not little proud thereof.

Iane. Well my Lord Maior I thanke you for that flout,
But let his Highnesse now come when he please,
All thinges are in a perfect readines.

They bring foorth a Table, and serue in the Banquet.

Maior. The more am I beholding Niece to you,
That take such paines to saue our credit now:

My seruantes are so slacke, his Maiestie,
Might haue been here before we were prepared,
But peace here comes his Highnes.

The Trumpets sound, and enters king Edward, How. Sellinger, and the traine.

K. Now my Lord Maior, haue we not kept our word:
Because we could not stay to dine with you:
At our departure hence, we promised,
First food we tasted at our backe returne,
Should be with you, still yeelding hearty thankes,
To you and all our London Cittizens,
For the great seruice which you did performe
Against that bold fac de rebel Falconbridge.

M. My gratious Lord what then we did,
We did account no more then was our duty,
Thereto obliged by true Subiectes zeale,
And may he neuer liue that not defendes,
The honor of his king and Countrie:
Next thank I God, it likes your Maiestie,
To blesse my poor roofe with your royal presence,
To me could come no greater happines.

K. Thankes good Lord Maior, but wheres my Lady Maioresse, I hope that shee will bid vs welcome too:

M. Shee would my Liedge, and with no little ioy,
Had shee but liu'd to see this blessed day,
But in her steed this Gentlewoman here,
My Cosins wife, that office will supply:
How say you Mistresse Shoare?

K. How: mistresse Shoare: what not his wife
That did refuse his knighthood at our hand:

M. The very same my Lord and here hee is.

K. What M. Shoare, we are your debter still,
But by Gods grace entend not so to die:
And Gentlewoman, now before your face,

I must condemne him of discourtesie,
Yea, and of great wrong that he hath offred you,
For you had beene a Lady but for him,
He was in fault, trust me he was to blame,
To hinder vertue of her due by right.
Iane. My gratious L. my poor & humble thoghts,
Were had an eye to such vnworthines,
And though some hold it as a Maxime,
That womens mindes by nature do aspire,
Yet how both God and M. Shoare I thanke
For my continuance in this humble state,
And likewise how I loue your Maiestie:
For gratious sufferance that it may be so:
Heauen beare true record of my inward soule,
Now it remaines, on my Lord Maiors behalfe,
I doe such duty as becommeth me,
To bid your Highnes welcome to his house,
Were welcomes vertue powerfull in my word,
The king of England should not doubt thereof.
Ki. Nor do I Mistresse Shoar, now my L. Maior
Edward dare boldly sweare that he is welcome,
You spake the word well, very well yfaith,
But Mistresse Shoare her tongue hath guilded it,
Tell me Cosin Howard and Tom Sellinger,
Had euer Citizen so faire a wife?
How. Of flesh and blood I neuer did behold,
A woman euery way so absolute.
Sel. Nor I my Liedge, were Sellinger a king,
He could afforde Shoares wife to be a Queene.
K. Why how now Tom? Nay rather how now Ned?
What change is this? proud, saucie roaming eye,
What whispers't in my braine, that thee is faire?
I know it, I see it, fayrer then my Queene?
Wilt thou maintaine it, what and thou traitor hart,
Wouldst thou shake hands in this conspiracie?
Downe rebell, backe base trecherous conceite,

I will

I will not credite thee, my Belle is faire,
And Shoares wife but a blouze, compare to her,
Come let vs sit, here will I take my place.
And my Lord Maior, fill me a bowle of wine,
That I may drinke to your elected Maiorelle,
And M. Shoare tell me how like you this.
My L. Maior makes your wife his L. Maiorelle:
Sho. So well my Lord as better cannot be,
All in the honor of your Maiestie.
The Lord Maior bringes a bowle of wine, and humbly on his knees offers it to the king.
Ki. Nay drinke to vs L. Maior, weele haue it so,
Go to I say, you are our Taster now,
Drinke then, and we will pledge yee.
Ma. All health and happines to my Soueraign.
he drinkes
K. Fill full our cup, and Lady Maiorelle,
This full carowse we meane to drinke to you,
And you must pledge vs, but yet no more,
Then you shall please to answere vs withall.
He drinkes, & the Trumpets sound, then wine is brought to her, and shee offers to drinke.

Nay you must drinke to some body, yea Tom to
Well sirra, see you doe her right: (thee:
For Edward would, oh would to God he might.
Yet idle eye, wilt thou be gadding still:
Keepe home, keepe home, for feare of further ill.
Enter a Messenger with letters.
How now: letters to vs, from whome:
Mes. My Liedge, this from the D. of Burgundie.
And this is from the Constable of France.
K. What newes from them:
He opens the letter and reades.
To claime our right in France:
And they will aide vs, yea, will ye so:

But other aide must aide vs ere we goe.
He seemes to reade the letters but glaunces on
Mistresse Shoare in his reading.
A womans aid that hath more power thē France
To crowne vs or to kill vs with mischance.
Ifchast resolue be to such beautie tyed,
Sue how thou canst, thou wilt be still denied,
Her husband hath deserued well of thee,
But, loue makes no respect where ere it be,
Thou wrongst thy Queen: Euery enforced ill,
Must be endur de where beautie seekes to kill:
Thou seemst to reade, onely to blind their eyes,
Who knowing it, thy follie would despise.
He startes from the Table.
Thanks for my cheare L. Maior, I am not well,
I know not how to take these newes. This fit I
That hath bereft me of all reason cleane. (meane,
M. God shield my Soueraigne.
K. Nay nothing I shall be well anone.
Ian. May it please your Highnes sit.
K. I, faine with thee, nay we must needs be gon,
Cosin Howard conuey these letters to our Coun-
And bid them giue vs their aduise of them, (cell,
Thankes for my cheare L. Maior, farewell to you
And farewel Mistresse Shoare, La. Maioresse I should say,
Tis you haue causde our parting at this time.
Farewell M. Shoare, farewell to all,
Weele meet once more to make amends for this.
Exeunt King. How. and Sel.
M. Oh God here to be ill?
My house to cause my Soueraignes discontent?
Cosin Shoare I had rather spent.
Sho. Content your selfe my L. kinges haue their humors,
The letters did containe somewhat no doubt,
That did displease him.
Ia. So my Lord thinke I,

But

But by Gods helpe he will be well againe.

M. I hope so too, well Cosin for your paines,
I can but thanke ye, chiefely you faire Niece,
At night I pray ye both come sup with me,
How say ye? will yee?

Sh. Yes my Lord wee will.
So for this time we humbly take our leaue.

Exeunt Shoare and his wife.

M. Oh how the sudden sicknesse of my Liedge,
Afflictes my soule with many passions:
His Highnes did entend to be right merie,
And God he knowes how it would glad my soule,
If I had seene his Highnes satisfied
With the poore entertainement of his Maior,
His humble vassaile, whose lands, whose life and al
Are, and in dutie must be alwaies his.
Well, God I trust will blesse his Graces health,
And quicklie ease him of his sudden fit.
Take away there hoord this place,
And God of heauen blesse my Soueraigns Grace.

Exit

Enter two prentizes preparing the Goldsmiths Shop with plate.

1. Pren. Sirra Jacke, come set out.

2. Pr. You are the elder Prentise, I pray you do it, least my Mistresse talke with you when shee comes downe, what is it a clocke?

1. P. Sir by Allhallowes.

2. Pre. Lying and stealing will bring ye to the Gallowes. Is here all the plate?

1. P. I that must serue to day.
Where is the weightes and ballance?

2. Pr. All readie, harke my Mistresse comes.

Exit 1. Pren.

Enter Mistresse Shoare with her worke in her hand.

Ia. Sir Boy, while I attend the shop my selfe,
See if the workeman haue dispatcht the Cup,
How many ounces weighes it?
2 Pr. Twenty forsooth.
Ia. What said the Gentleman to the fashion?
2. P. He told my Maister, I was not within.
I. Goe Sir make haste, your M. is in Cheapside:
Take heed ye were best your loitring be not spide.
The boy departs, and shee sits sowing in her shop.

Enter the king disguised.

Ki. Well fare a Case to put a king in yet,
Good Mistris Shoar this doth your loue procure,
This shape is secret, and I hope ti's sure,
The Watermen that daylie vse the Court,
And see me often, knew me not in this,
At Lyon key I landed in their view,
Yet none of them tooke knowledge of the king,
If anie gallant striue to haue the wall,
Ile yeeld it gentlie: Soft here must I turne,
Heres Lumbard streete, and heres the Pellican,
And theres the Phenix in the Pellicans nest,
O rare perfection of rich natures worke,
Bright twinckling sparke of pretious Diamond,
Of greater value then all India,
Were there no Sunne, by whose kind louelie heat
The earth bringes forth those stones wee holde of (prize,
Her radient eyes detected to the ground,
Would turne each peble to a Diamond.
Gaze greedie eyes and be not satisfied,
Till you find rest, where harts desire doth bide.
I. What wold you buy Sir that you looke on here?
K. Your fairest Iewel, be it not too deare.
First how this Saphire Mistresse that you weare?
I. Sir it is right that will I warrant yée,
No Ieweller in London showes a better.

K. No,

K.Ed. No, nor the like, you praise it passing well.

Iane. Do I? no, if some Lapidarie had the stone, more would not buy it then I can demaund. Tis as wel set I think as ere yee saw.

K.Ed. Tis set indeed vpon the fairest hand, that ere I saw.

Iane. You are disposde to iest, but for the vaine, his maiestie might weare it.

King Ed. Might hee stayth?

Iane. Sir tis the ring I meane.

Ki.Ed. I meant the hand.

Iane. You are a merrie man,
I see you come to cheape, and not to buy.

King Ed. Yet hee that offers fairer then Ile doe, shal hardly find a partner in his bargaine.

Iane. Perhaps in buying things of so small value?

K. Rather because no wealth can purchase it.

Iane. Hee were too fond, that would so highly prize,
The thing which once was giuen away for loue.

K. His hap was good that came so easily by it.

Iane. The gift so small, that aske, who could denie it?

King. Oh she gaue more, that such a gift then gaue,
Then earth ere had, or world shall euer haue.

Iane. His hap is ill, should it be as you say,
That hauing giuen him what you rate so high,
And yet is still the poorer by the match.

King. That easily prooues he doth not know the worth.

Iane. Yet hauing had the vse of it so long,
It rather prooues you ouer-rate the thing,
Ye beeing a chapman, as it seemes you are.

King. Indeede none should aduenture on the thing,
Thats to bee purchaske onely by a King.

Iane. If kings loue that, which no man else respects,
It may be so, else do I see small reason,
A king should take delight in such course stuffe.

King. Liues there a king, that would not giue his crowne,
To purchase such a kingdom of content?

Iane. In my conceit, right well you aske that question.
The world I thinke containes not such fond king.
King. Why mistris Shoare, I am the man will do it.
Iane. Its prouidelie spoke, although I not beleeue it.
Were he King Edward that should offer it.
King. But shall I haue it?
Iane. Vppon what acqaintance?
King. Why since I saw thee last.
Iane. Where was that?
King. At the Lord Maiors, in the presence of the King.
Iane. I haue forgotten that I sawe you there,
For there were many that I tooke small note of.
King. Of me you did, and we had some discourse.
Iane. You are deceiued Sir, I had then no time,
For my attendance on his maiestie.
King. Ile gage my hand into your hand of that,
Looke well vppon me.

He discouers himselfe.

Iane. Now I beseech you let this strange disguise,
Excuse my boldnesse to your maiestie. (she kneeles
What euer we possesse is al your highnesse,
Onely mine honour, which I cannot graunt,
K. Onely thy loue (bright angell) Edward craues,
For which I thus aduentured to see thee.

Enter maister Shoare.

Iane. But here comes one, to whom I onely gaue it,
And he I doubt wil say you shall not haue it.
King. Am I so soone cut off? oh spight.
How say ye mistris, will ye take my offere?
Iane. Indeede I cannot sir afford it so
King. Youle not be offered fairlier I beleeue.
Iane. Indeede you offer like a Gentleman.

But

But yet the Iewell will not so bee left.
Sho. Sir, if you bid not too much under-foot.
Ile driue the bargaine twixt you and my wife.
Ki. Alas good Shoare, my self dare answere no. King aside.
Nothing can make thee such a Iewell forgoe.
Shee saith you shall be too much looser by it.
Sho. See in the rowe then, if you can speede better,
Ki. See many words arow, affords not like.

As he goes forth, Shoare lookes earnestly, and perceiues it is the king, whereat he seemeth greatly discontented.

I. Why lookst thou Mar? knowst thou the gentleman?
Alas what ailes thee that thou lookst so pale?
What cheere sweet heart? alas, where hast thou beene?
Sho. Nay nothing Iane, know you the Gentleman?
Iane. Not I sweete heart, alas why do you aske?
Is he thine enemie?
Shore. I cannot tell,
What came hee here to cheapen at our shoppe?
Iane. This Iewell loue.
Sho. Well I pray God he came for nothing else.
Iane. Why who is it? I do suspect him Shoare.
That you demaund thus doubtfully of me.
Sho. Ah Iane, it is the King.
Iane. The king? what then? is it for that thou sighst?
Were he a thousand kings thou hast no cause
To feare his presence, or suspect my loue.
Sho. I knowe I haue not, see hee comes againe.

The king enters againe, muffled in his cloke.

King. Still is my hindrer there? be patient heart,
Some fitter season must assuage the smart,
What will ye take that mistrisse w hic I offred ye?

I come againe sir, as one willing to buy.
Iane. Indeede I cannot sir, I pray ye
Deale with my husband, heare what hee will say.
Sho. Ile sell it worth your money, if you please,
I pray ye come neere sir.
King. I am too neere alreadie, thou so neere.
Nay, nay, she knowes what I did offer her,
And in good sadnesse, I can giue no more,
So fare ye well sir, I will not deale with you.

Exit.

Iane. You are deceiude (sweet hart) tis not the king,
Thinke you hee would aduenture thus alone?
Sho. I do assure thee Iane it is the king.
Oh God, twixt the extreames of loue and feare,
In what a shiuering ague sits my soule?
Keepe wee our treasure secret, yet so sond,
As set so rich a beautie as this is,
In the wide wiewe of euerie gazers eye.
Oh traitor beautie, Oh deceitfull good,
That dost conspire against thy selfe and loue,
No sooner got, but wisht againe of others,
In thine owne selfe, iniurious to thy selfe,
Oh rich poore portion, thou good euill thing?
How many ioyfull woes still dost thou bring,
Ia. I pray thee come, sweete loue, and sit by mee,
No King thats vnder heauē I loue like thee. exit.

Enter sir *Humphrey* Bowes, and master Aston, being two Iustices, Harrie Grudgen, Robert Goodfellow, and Iohn Hobs the Tanner.

Bowes. Neighbours & friends, the cause that you are called,
Concerns the Kings most excellent maiestie,
Whose right you know by his progenitors,
Vnto the Crowne and soueraignty of France,
Is wrongfullie detained by the French,
Which to reuenge and royallie regaine.

His Highnes meanes to put himselfe in Armes,
And in his princely person to conduct
His warlicke troupes against the enemie.
But for his Coffers are vnfurnished,
Through ciuill discord and intestine warre,
(Whose bleeding scarres our eyes may yet behold)
He prayes his faithfull louing subiectes helpe,
To further this his iust great enterprize.

Hob. So the secke and meaning, whereby as it were of all your long purgation 'Sir Humphrey is no more in some respect, but the king wants money, & would haue some of his Comentie.

Bo. Tanner you rightly vnderstand the matter.

Ast. Note this withall, where his dread Maiesty,
(Our lawfull soueraigne, and most royall king)
Might haue exacted or imposde a Tare,
Or borrowed greater summes then we can spare,
(For all we haue is at his dread commande,)
He doth not so, but mildly doth entreat
Our kind beneuolence, what we wil giue,
With willing minds towards this mighty charge.

Enter Lord *Howard*.

Which to receiue, his noble Counsellor
And kinsman the Lord Howard here is come.
H. Now good Sir *Humphrey* Bowes & M. Aston,
Haue yee declared the kings most gratious pleasure?

Bowes. We haue my Lord.

How. His Highnes will not force.
As loane or tribute, but will take your gift,
In gratefull part and recompence your loue.

B. To shew my loue, though money now be scarse,
A hundreth pound ile giue his Maiestie.

Ho. Tis well Sir *Humphrey*.

Aston. I a hundreth Markes.

Ho. Thankes M. Aston, you both shew your loue,
Now aske your neighbours what they will bestow?

Bow. Come M. Hadland your beneuolence.
Had. O good Sir *Humphrey* do not racke my purse,
You know my state I latelie sold my land.
Aston. Then you haue money, let the king haue part.
Hob. I, do M. Hadland do, they say you sold a foule deale of durty land for faire gold and siluer, let the king haue some now while you haue it, for if yee bée forborne a while, all will be spent, for he that cannot kéepe land that lyes fast, will haue much a do to hold money, its slipperie ware, tis melting ware, tis melting ware.
How. Gramercy Tanner.
Bowes. Say, what shall we haue?
Hadland. My forty shillinges.
Aston. Robert Goodfellow.
I know you will be liberall to the king.
Good. O M. Aston be content I pray ye,
You know my charge, my household very great,
And my housekeeping holdes me very bare:
Thréescore vprising, and downe lying Sir,
Spendes no small store of vittailes in a yeare,
Two brace of Greyhounds xx. couple of houndes,
And then my Iades deuoure a deale of Corne,
My Christmas cost and then my frends that come
Amounts to charge, I am Robin Goodfellow,
That welcomes all and kéepes a frolicke house,
I haue no money pray ye pardon me.
How. Heeres a plaine Tanner can teach ye how to thriue
Keepe fewer dogs, and then ye may feede men:
Yet féede no idle men, tis néedles charge,
You that on Hounds & hunting mates will spend,
No doubt but something to your king youl send.
Good. My brace of Angels, by my troth thats all.
Hob. Hasse and tis well thy Curres haue left so much,
I thought they would haue eaten vp thy house and land ere this.
Bowes. Now *Harrie* Grudgen.

Grudgen

Grudgen. What would you haue of mee? Money I haue none, and I sell no stocke, heres old polling, subsidy, fifteene soldiers, and to the poore, and ye may haue your will, youle soone shut me out a doore.

Hobs. Heare ye worshippes, will ye let me answere my neighbour Grudgen? By my hallydoome Harry Grudgen, tha'rt but a grumbling, grudgeing Churle, thou hast two ploughes going, and neare a Cradle rocking, tha'st a pecke of money, go to, turne thée loose, thou'lt goe to law with the Vicar for a tyth gose, and wilt not spare the king foure or fiue pound.

Grudgen. Gep goodman Tanner, are yee so round? your prolicatenes has brought your sonne to the Gallowes almost, you can be franke of an other mans cost.

Hob. Thart no honest man to twit me with my sonne, hee may out liue thee yet for ought that hee has done, my sonnes ith gayle, is hee the first has beene there, and thou wert a man, as thart a beast, I would haue thee by the ears.

Weeping.

How. Frend thou wantst nurture, to vpbraid a Father
With a sonnes fault, we sit not here for this;
What's thy beneuolence towardes his maiesty?

Hobs. His benegligence? hang him heele not giue
A penny willingly.

Gr. I care not much to cast away forty pence.

Ho. Out grudging pesant, base il nurturd groome,
Is this the loue thou bearest vnto the king?
Gentlemen take notice of the slaue,
And if he fault let him be soundly plagude?
Now frolicke Tanner, what wilt thou affoorde?

Hob. Twenty old Aungels and a score of hydes, if that be to little, take twentie Nobles more, while I haue it my king shall spend of my store.

How. The king shall know thy louing liberall hart.

Hob. Shall hee yfaith, I thanke ye hartely, but heare yee Gentleman you come from the Court?

How. I doe.

Hob. Lord how does the king, and how does Ned the kings Butler, and Tom of his Chamber, I am sure ye know them?

How. They doe very well.

Hob. For want of better guesse they were at my house one night.

How. I know they were.

Hob. They promist me a good turne for killing my daughter Nell, and now I ha cagion to trie them, my sonnes in Wybell here in Caperdochie, itha Gayle for peeping into another mans purse, and outstep the king bee miserable, hees like to totter, can that same Ned the Butler doe any thing with the king?

How. More then my selfe, or any other Lord.

Hobs. A halter he can, by my troth yee reiounce my heart to heare it.

How. Come to the Court I warrant thy sonnes life,
Ned will save that, and do thee greater good.

Hob. Ile wean Brocke my mares fole, and come up to the king, and it shall go hard but two fat hennes for your paines I will bring.

Bowes. My Lord this fellow gladly now will give,
five pounds so you will pardon his rude speech.

How. For five and five I cannot brooke the beast.

Grud. What gives the Tanner, I am as wel able as he?

Aston. He gives ten pound.

Grud. Take twentie then of me.
I pray yee my Lord forgive my rough beard speech
I wis I ment no hurt unto my Liedge.

Bowes. Let vs entreate your Lordships patience.

How. I do at your request remit the offence,
So lets depart, heeres all wee have to doe.

Ast. It's for this time and place my Lord, sirra bring your money.

Hobs. What have ye sau de now goodman Grudgen, by

your hinching and your pinching, not the worth of a blacke pudding. Exeunt.

Enter mistris Shoare, and mistris Blage.

M.Bla. Now mistris Shoare, what vrgent cause is that,
Which made ye send for me in such great haste? I promise ye
it made me halfe afraide, you were not wel.

Iane. Trust me, nor sicke, nor well, but troubled still with
the disease I told yee: heere is another letter from the King,
was neuer poore soule so importuned.

M.Blage. But will no answere serue?

Iane. No mistresse Blage, no answere will suffize.
Ye, he it is, that with a violent sledge
Labours to breake into my plighted faith,
Oh what am I, he should so much forget
His Royall State, and his High Maiestie?
Still doth he come disguised to my house,
And in most humble termes bewrayes his loue,
My husband greeues, alas how can he choose,
Fearing the dispossessment of his Iane?
And when he cannot come (for him) he writes,
Offering beside incomparable gifts,
And all to winne me to his princely will. (case,

M.Bla. Beleeue me M.Shoare, a dangerous
And euerie way repleate with doubtfull feare,
If you should yéeld, your vertuous name were foyle,
And your beloued husband made a scorn.
And if not yéeld, its likely that his loue,
Which now admires ye, will conuert to hate,
And who knowes not a princes hate is death?
Yet I will not be she shall counsaile yee,
Good mistris Shoare do what ye will for me.

Iane. Then counsaile me what I were best to doe:

M.B. You know his greatnesse can dispense with ill,
Making the sinne seeme lesser by his worth,
And you your selfe, your children and your friendes,
Be all aduaunced to worldly dignitie,

And this worlds pompe you know is a goodly thing.
Yet I will not be shee shall counsaile ye,
Good mistris Shoare do what ye will for mee.
Iane. Alas I know that I was bound by oath,
To keepe the promise that I made at first,
And vertue liues, when pompe consumes to dust.
M. Blage. So we do say, dishonour is no shame,
When slaunder does not touch th'offenders name,
You shall be folded in a princes armes,
Whose becke disperseth euen the greatest harmes,
Many that sit themselues in high degree,
Will then be glad to stoope, and bende the knee,
And who sit, hauing plentie in the hand,
Neuer commaunded, but doth still command,
That cannot worke in such excesse of things,
To quit the guilt, one small transgression brings?
Yet I wil not be shee shal counsaile ye,
Good mistris Shoare do what ye wil for mee.
Iane. Here do I liue, although in meane estate,
Yet with a conscience free from al debate,
Where higher footing may in time procure,
A sudden fal, and mixe my sweete with sowre.
Mi. Blage. True, I confesse a priuately life is good,
Nor would I otherwise be vnderstood,
To be a Goldsmiths wife is some content,
But daies in court more pleasantly are spent,
A houlholds gouernment deserues renowne,
But what is a companion to a crowne?
The name of mistresse is a prettie thing,
But Madam at each word doth glorie bring
Yet I wil not be shee shall counsell yee,
Good mistris Shoare do what ye will for mee.
Ia. Oh that I knew which were the best of twaine,
Which for I do not, I am sicke with paine.
Enter her Boy.
How now Sir boy, what is the newes with you?

Boy

Boy. The Gentleman forsooth the other day,
That would haue bought the Iewell at our stall,
Is here to speake with yee.
Iane. Oh God it is the king.
Good mistris Blague withdraw ye from this place,
Ile come anon, so soone as hee is gone,
And sirra get you to the shoppe againe. Exit Boy.
M. Bla. Now mistris Shoare bethinke ye what to
Such suters come not euerie day to wooe. (doo,

Mistris Blague departs, and the King enters in his former disguise

K. Thou maist conuict me (beauties pride) of boldnesse,
That I intrude like an vnbidden guest,
But loue being guide, my fault will seeme the lesse.
Iane. Most welcome to your subiects homely roofe,
The foote, my Soueraigne, seldome doth offend,
Vnlesse the heart some other hurt intende.
King. The most thou seest is hurt vnto my selfe,
How for thy sake, is maiestie disroabde:
Riches made poore, and dignitie brought lowe,
Onelie that thou mightst our affection knowe.
Iane. The more the pittie, that within the skie,
The sunne that should all other vapours drie,
And guide the world with his most glorious light,
Is muffled vp himselfe in wilfull night.
K. The want of thee, faire Cinthia is the cause,
Spread thou thy siluer-brightnesse in the aire,
And strait the gladsome morning will appeare.
Iane. I may not wander, hee that guides my carre,
Is an immooued constant, fixed starre,
King. But I wil giue that starre a comets name,
And shield both thee and him from further blame.
Iane. How if the host of heauen at this abuse
Repine: who can the prodigie excuse:
King. It lies within the compasse of my power,

To dim their enuious eies, dare seeme to lowre,
But leauing this our Enigmatike talke,
Thou must sweete Iane repaire vnto the court,
His tongue intreates, controles the greatest peere,
His hand plights loue, a royal scepter holdes,
And in his heart hee hath confirmde thy good,
Which may not, must not, shal not be withstood.
Iane. If you enforce me, I haue nought to say,
But wish I had not liude to see this day.
K. Blame not the time, thou shalt haue cause to ioy.
Iane in the euening I wil send for thee,
And thou and thine shall bee aduancde by mee.
In signe whereof receiue this true-loue kisse,
Nothing ill meant, there can bee no amisse. Exit.
Iane. Well I wil in, and ere the time begiune,
Learne how to be repentant for my sinne. Exit.

Enter Lord Maior, maister Shoare, and Fraunces Emersley.

Maior. But Cosin Shoare, are yee assurde it was the King you sawe in such disguise?
Sho. Do I know you the vncle to my wife? know I Franke Emersley her brother here? so surely doo I know that counterfeit to bee King.
Frances. Well, admitte al this. And that his Maiestie in such disguise, please to surney the manners of our Cittie, or what occasion else may like himselfe. Wee thinks you haue small reason brother Shoare, to be displeasde thereat.
Mai. Oh I haue found him nowe.
Because my niece his wife is beautifull,
And well reputed for her vertuous partes:
He in his fond conceit misdoubtes the King,
Doth doate on her in his affection.

I know not Cosin how shee may be changde,
By any cause in you procuring it:
From the faire cariage of her wonted course:
But well I wot, I haue oft heard you say,
Shée merited no scruple of mislike.
If now some gyddy fancie in your braine,
Make you conceiue sinisterly of her,
And with a person of such difference.
I tell you Cosin, more for her respect,
Then to soth you in such a sottishnes,
I would reueale yée open to the world,
And let your follie iusty plague your selfe.

Sh. Unckle you are too forward in your rage,
And much mistake me in this suddennes,
Your Nieces reputation haue I prizde,
And shrined as deuoutely in my soule
As you, or any that it can concerne.
For when I tell you that it is the king,
Comes muffled like a common Seruingman,
Doe I inferre thereby my wife is false?
Or swerues one iot from wonted modestie.
Though in my shop shee sit, more to respect,
Her seruantes duttie, then for any skill,
Shee doth, or can pretend in what we trade,
Is it not strange, that euer when hee comes,
It is to her, and will not deale with me?
Ah Unckle Franke, nay, would all her kin,
Were here to censure of my cause aright:
Though I misdeeme not her, yet giue me leaue,
To doubt what his slie walking may entend.
And let me tell yee, he that is possest,
Of such a beautie, feares vndermining guestes:
Especiallie a mightie one, like him,
Whose greatnes may guilde ouer vglie sinne.
But say his comming is not to my wife,
Then hath he some slie aiming at my life,

By false compounded metralles, or light gold,
Or else some other trifle to be solde.
When kinges themselves so narrowly do pyle
Into the world, men feare, and why not I?

Fran. Beleeue me brother in this doubtfull case
I know not wel how I should answere yée,
I wonder in this serious busie time,
Of this great gathered beneuolence,
For his regaining of his right in France,
The day and nightly turmoile of his Lordes,
Yea of the whole estate in generall,
He can be spared from these great affaires,
And wander here disguised in this sort.
But is not this your boy?

Enter the Boy.

Sho. Yes marie is it: how now, what newes
with thee?

Boy. Maister, my Mistresse by a Nobleman,
Is sent for to the king in a close Coach,
Shees gon with him, these are the newes I bring.

Ma. How? my Niece sent for to the king?
By a Nobleman, and she is gone with him?
Nay, then I like it not?

Frank. How, gone saiest thou?

S. Be patient Uncle, storme not gentle Frank:
The wrong is mine, by whome? a king,
To talke of such it is no common thing.
She is gone thou saiest?

Boy. Yes truely Sir, tis so.

Sh. I cannot helpe it, a Gods name let her goe,
You cannot helpe it Uncle, no, nor you,
Where kinges are medlers, meaner men must rue
I storme against it? no, farewell Iane Shoare,
Once thou wast mine, but must be so no more.

Maior. Gone to the Court?

Exit Maior.

Shoa.

Shoar. Yet vnkle will ye rage?
Let mine example your high heate asswage.
To note offences in a mightie man
It is enough, amend it he that can,
Franke Emersley, my wife thy sister was,
Lands, goods and all I haue to thee I passe,
Saue that poore portion must along with me,
To beare me from this badge of obloquie,
It neuer shall be said that Mathew Shoare,
A kinges dishonour in his bonnet wore.
Fran. Good Brother.
Sh. Striue not to change me, for I am resolude,
And will not tarrie. England fare thou well,
And Edward, for requiting me so well,
But dare I speake of him? forbeare, forbeare.
Come Franke I will surrender all to thee,
And then abroade, where ere my fortunes be.
Exeunt.

Enter king Edward, Howard, Sellinger, &c.

K. And haue our Countrie subiects bèen so franke
And bountifull in their beneuolence:
Toward our present expedition?
Thankes Cosin Howard for thy paines herein:
We will haue letters sent to euery Shire
Of thankeful gratitude, that they may know,
How highly we respect their gentlenes.
How. One thing my L. I had well neer forgot,
Your pleasant hoast the Tanner of Tamworth.
Kin. What of him Cosin?
Ho. Hee was right liberall,
Twenty old Angels did he send your Grace,
And others séeing him so bountifull,
Stretcht further then otherwise they had done.
K. Trust me I must requite that honest Tanner.
Oh had he kept his word, and come to Court,

Then in good sadnesse we had bad good sport.
How. That is not long my L. which comes at last
Hees come to London, on an earnest cause,
His sonne lies prisoner in Stafford Jayle,
And is condemned for a robberie.
Your Highnes pardoning his sonnes offence,
May yeeld the Tanner no meane recompence.
K. But who hath seen him since he came to town?
Sel. My Lord in Holborn twas my hap to see him
Gazing about, I sent away my men,
And clapping on one of their liverie cloakes,
Came to him, and the Tanner knew me straite,
How dost thou Tom? and how doth Ned quoth he
That honest merie Hangman, how doth he?
I knowing that your Maiestie entended
This day in person to come to the Tower,
There bad him meete me, where Ned and I,
Would bring him to the presence of the King,
And there procure a pardon for his sonne.
Ki. Haue then a care we be not seene of him,
Untill we be prouided for the purpose,
Because once more weele haue a little sport,
Tom Sellinger, let that care be yours.
Sel. I warrant yee my Lord let me alone.

Enter the Lord Maior.

K. Welcome L. Maior, what haue you signified,
Our thankefulnes vnto our Cittizens,
For their late gathered benevolence?
Ma. Before the Cittizens in our Guildhall,
Maister Recorder made a good oration,
Of thankefull gratitude vnto them all,
Which they receyued with so kind respect,
And loue vnto your royall maiestie,
As it appeare to vs they sorrowed,

Their

Their bountie to your Highnes was no more,
King. Lord Maior, thanks to your selfe and them,
And goe ye with vs nowe into the Towre,
To see the order that wee shall obserue,
In this so needfull preparation,
The better may you signifie to them,
What neede there was of their beneuolence.
Mai. Ile waite vpon your gracious maiestie,
Yet there is one thing that much grieueth me. aside.
Exeunt.

• Enter Shoare, and two watermen bearing his trunkes.

Sho. Go honest fellow, beare my trunkes aboard,
And tell the maister ile coome presently.

Enter mistris Shoare Lady-like attired, with diuers supplications in her hand, she vnpinning her mask, and attended on by many sutors.

1 Wa. We wil sir, but what Lady haue we here?
Belike she is of no meane countenance,
That hath so many sutors waiting on her.
Sho. Go one of you I pray ye, enquire her name.
1. Wa. My honest friend, what Ladie cal ye this?
Aire. Her name is mistris Shoare, the kings be-
A special friend to sutors at the court. (loued
S. Her name is mistris Shore the kings beloued,
Where shall I hide my head, or stoppe mine eares,
But like an owle I shall be wondred at?
When she with me was wont to walk the streets,
The people then as she did passe along,
Would say, there goes faire modest mistris Shore,
When she attended like a Cittie Dame,
Was praised of Patrons. So that Cittizens,
When they would speak of ought vnto their wiues
Fetcht their example still from mistris Shoare,
But now she goes deckt in her courtly robes,

This is not thee, that once in seemely blacke,
Was the chaste. sober wife of Mathew Shoare,
For now thee is King Edwards Concubine,
Oh great ill title, honourable shame,
Her good I had, but king her ill is thine,
Once Shoares true wife, now Edwards concubine.
Amongst the rest Ile note her new behauiour.

All this while shee standes conferring priuately with her sutors, and looking on their billes.

Aier. Good mistresse Shoare remember my sonnes life.
Iane. What is thy name?
Aire. My name is Thomas Aire.
Iane. There is his pardon signed by the King.
Aire. In signe of humble heartie thankfulnes,
Take this in Angels twentie pound.
Iane. What thinke ye, that I buy and sell for bribes,
His highnesse fauour, or his subiects blood?
No, without gifts God grant I may do good,
For al my good cannot redeeme my ill,
Yet to do good I will endeuour still.
Sho. Yet all this good doth but guild ore thy ill. aside.
Palmer. Mistris the restitution of my landes.
Taken perforce by his highnesse officers.
Iane. The King is content your goods shall bee restorde,
But the officers will hardly yeeld thereto,
Yet bee content, Ile see yée haue no wrong.
Sho. Thou canst not say to mee so, I haue wrong.
Iockie. Mistresse gude faith gin yeele help me til my laund, whilk the fause loune Billie Grime of Glendale hands wrãfully frea me: Ise white your gudenes with a bonnie nag, sal swum away so deftly as the winde.
Iane. Your sute my friend, requires a longer time,
Yet since you dwell so farre off, to ease your charge,
Your diet with my seruants you may take,

And

And some releese Ile get thee of the king.

Shoare. Its cold releese thou getst mee from the King.

Iockie. Now Gods blessing light on that gudely faire face, ile be your true beadsman mistresse, I indeed, sall I.

Pal. God blesse the care you have of dooing good.

Aire. Pittie she should miscarrie in her life,
That beares so sweete a mind in dooing good.

Shoare. So say I too, ah Iane this killes my heart,
That thou recks others, and not rui'st my smart.

Rufford. Mistresse I feare you have forgot my suite?

Iane. Oh, tis for a licence to transport Corne from this land, and lead to forraigne Realmes, I had your bill, but I have torne your bill, and twere no shame I thinke, to teare your eares, that care not howe you wound the common wealth. The poore must starue for foode to fill your purse, And the enemie bandie bullets of our lead. No Maister Rufford, Ile not speake for you, except it be to have you punished.

Iockie. By the messe a deft lasse, Christ benison light on her.

She espies her husband walking aloofe off, and not knowing him, takes him for another Suter.

Iane. Is that another suter? I have no bill of his,
Go one of you, and knowe what hee would have.

Sho. Yes Iane, the bill of my obliged faith,
And I had thine, but thou hast canceld it.

Here she knowes him, and lamenting, comes to him.

Iane. Oh God it is my husband, kind Mathew Shoare.

Shoare. Ah Iane, whats he dare say he is thy husband?
Thou wast a wife, but now thou art not so,

Thou wast a maide, a maide when thou wast wife,
Thou wast a wife, euen when thou wast a maide,
So good, so modest, and so chaste thou wast,
But now thou art diuorce, whiles yet hee liues,
That was thy husband, while thou wast his wife.
Thy wifehood staunde, by thy dishonoured life,
For now thou art nor widdow, maide, nor wife.
Iane. I must confesse I yeelded vp the Forte,
Wherein lay all the riches of thy ioy,
But yet sweete *Shoare*, before I yeelded it,
I did endure the longest and greatest siege,
That euer battred on poore chastitie,
And but to him that did assault the same,
For euer it had beene inuincible,
But I will yéeld it backe againe to thee.
Ye cannot blame me, though it bee so done,
To loose by me, what first by me was wonne.
Sho. No Iane, there is no place allowde for mee,
Where once a King hath tane possession,
Yea ne men brook not a Riuall in their loue,
Much lesse so High vn riualde Maiestie,
A concubine to one so great as *Edward*,
Is farre too great to bee the wife of Shoare,
Iane. I will refuse the pleasures of the Court,
Let me go with thee Shoare, though not as a wife,
Yet as thy slaue, since I haue lost that name,
I will redeeme the wrong that I haue done thee,
With my true seruice, if thou wilt accept it.
Sho. Thou go with mee Iane, oh God forbid,
That I should be a traitour to my King,
Shal I become a fellon to his pleasures,
And flie away as guiltie of the theft?
No my deere Iane, I say it may not bee,
Oh what haue subiects that is not their kings,
Ile not examine his prerogatiue.

Iane.

Ia. Why then sweet Mat, let me intreat thee stay,
What ist with Edward that I cannot do?
Ile make thee wealthier then ere Richard was,
That entertainde the three greatst kinges in Europe,
And feasted them in London on a daie
Aske what thou wilt, were it a million,
That may content thee, thou shalt haue it Shoare.
Sho. Indeede this were some comfort to a man,
That tasted want or worldlie miserie,
But I haue lost what wealth cannot returne,
Al worldlie losses are but toyes to mine,
Oh, al my wealth, the losse of thee was more,
Then euer time or Fortune can restore.
Therefore sweete Iane farewel, once thou wast mine,
Too rich for me, and that King Edward knewe,
Adiew, Oh world, he shall deceiued bee,
That puts his trust in women or in thee.
Ia. Ah Shoar farewel, poore heart in death Ile tell,
I euer loude thee Shoare, farewel, farewell. Exit.

Enter King Edward, Lord Maior, Howard, Sellenger, and the traine.

King. Hauing awakte forth of their sleepie dennes,
Our drouzie Cannons, which ere long shall charme,
The watchful French, with deaths eternal sleepe,
And al things else in readinesse for Fraunce,
A while we wil giue truce vnto our care,
There is a merrie Tanner neere at hand,
With whom we meane to be a little merrie.
Therefore Lord Maior, and you my other friendes,
I must intreate you not to knowledge me,
No man stand bare, all as companions,
Giue me a Cloake, that I may be disguisde,
Tom Sellenger, go thou and take another,

So a Tanner, now come when yee please, we are prouided.
And in good time, see hee is come alreadie.

Enter the Tanner.

Tom Sellenger, goe thou and meete him.
Sel. What Iohn Hobs? welcome faith to Court.
Hobs. Gramercies honest Tom, where is the hangman Ned? where is that mad rascal, shal I not see him?
Sel. See where he stands, that same is he.
Hobs. What Ned? a plague found thee, how dost thou for a villaine? how dost thou madde rogue, and how, and howe?
King. In health Iohn Hobs, and verie glad to see thee,
But say, what winde drove thee to London.
Hobs. Ah Ned, I was brought hither with a whirlwinde man, my sonne, my sonne, did I not tell thee I had a knaue to my sonne?
King. Yes Tanner, what of him?
Hobs. Faith hees in Caperdoche Ned, in Stafford Gaole, for a robberie, and is like to be hangde, except thou gette the King to be more miserable to him.
King. If that bee all Tanner, Ile warrant him,
I will procure his pardon of the King.
Hobs. Wilt thou Ned? for those good words, see what my Daughter Nell hath sent thee, a handkercher wrought with as good Couentrie silke bleiue threed, as euer thou sawest.
King. And I perhaps may weare it for her sake,
In better presence then thou art aware off.
Hobs. How Ned, a better present? that canst thou not haue for silke, cloath, and workmanshippe, why Nell made it man. But Ned? is not the King in this companie, whats he in the long beard and the redde petticoate? before God I mistoubte Ned that is the King, I knowe it by my Lord what ye cals players.
King. Howe by them Tanner?

Hobs.

Hobs. Euer when they play an Enterloute or a Commoditie at Tamworth, the King alwaies is in a long beard, & a red gowne like him, therefore I spekt him to be the king.

King. No trust me Tanner, this is not the King, but thou shalt see the King before thou goest, and haue a pardon for thy sonne too with thee.

This man is the Lord Maior, Lord Maior of London, heere was the Recorder too, but hee is gone.

Hobs. What Nicnames these courtnoles haue? Pare and Corder quotha: we haue no such at Liechfield, there is the honest Bayliffe and his brethren, such words gree best with vs.

King. My Lord Maior, I pray ye for my sake, to bidde this honest Tanner welcome.

Maior. You are welcome my honest friend,
In signe whereof I pray you see my house,
And suppe with mee this night.

Hobs. I thanke ye good goodman Maior, but I care not for no meate, my stomacke is like to a sicke swines, that will neither eate nor drinke, till shee know what shall become of her pigge. Ned and Tom, you promisde me a good turne when I came to Court, either doo it now, or go hang your selues.

King. No sooner comes the King, but I will doo it.

Sel. I warrant thee Tanner, feare not thy sonnes life.

Hobs. Nay, I feare not his life, I feare his death.

Enter Maister of Saint Katherines, and Widdow Norton.

Maister. All health and happinesse to my soueraigne.

King. The Master of Saint Katherines hath marde all.

Hobs. But alas that euer I was borne.

The Tanner falles in a swound, they labour to reuiue him, meane while the King puts on his royall robes.

King. Looke to the Tanner there, he takes no harme,

I would not haue him (for my crowne) miscarrie,
Wid. Let me come to him by my kings good leaue
Heres ginger honest man, bite it.
Hobs. Bite ginger, bite ginger, bite a dogs date,
I am but a dead man, ah my Leige, that you should
deale so with a poore well meaning man, but it
makes no matter, I can but die.
King. But when Tanner canst thou tell?
Hobs. Nay euen when you please, for I haue so defended
ye, by calling ye plaine Ned, mad rogue and rascall, that I
know youle haue me hangde. Therefore make no more a-
doe, but send me downe to Stafford, and there a Gods name
hang me with my son. And heres another as honest as your
selfe, you made me call him plain Tom, I warrant his name
is Thomas, and some man of worshippe too, therefore lets to
it, euen when and where ye will.
King. Tanner attende, not onely doo we pardon thee,
But in all princely kindnesse welcome thee,
And thy sonnes trespasse doe we pardon too,
Ore goe and see that forthwith it bee drawne,
Under our seale of England, as it ought,
And fortie poundes wee giue thee to destray
Thy charges in thy comming vp to Lorwon.
Now Tanner, what sayst thou to vs?
Hobs. Marrie you speake like an honest man, if
you meane as you say.
King. Wee meane it Tanner, on our royall
word.
Now maister of S. Katherines, what would you?
M. My gracious Lord, the great benevolence,
(Though small to that your subiects could afford,
Of poore Saint Katherines do I bring your grace,)
Fiue hundred pounds here haue they sent by me.
For the easier portage, all in Angell gold,
What this good widdow Pistresse Norton will,

Shee comes her selfe, and brings her gift with her.

Wid. Pardon me gratious Lord, presumption,
Nor ouer weening in my owne conceite,
Makes me thus bold to come before your Grace,
But loue and duty to your maiestie:
And great desire to see my Lord the king,
Our Maister here spake of beneuolence,
And said my twenty Nobles was inough,
I thought not so, but at your Highnes feet.
A widdowes mite, a token of her zeale,
An humble dutie giues you twentie pound.

K. Now by my Crowne, a gallant lusty Gyrle,
Of all the exhibition yet bestowed,
This womans liberality likes me best.
Is thy name Norton?

Wid. I my gratious Liedge.

K. How long hast thou beene a Widdow?

Wid. It is my Lord,
Since I did burie Wilkin my goodman,
At Shrouetide next euen iust a dozen yeares.

K. In all which space, couldst thou not find a man,
On whome thou mightst bestow thy selfe againe?

Wid. Not any like my Wilkin whose dear loue,
I know is matchlesse, in respect of whome,
I thinke not any worthy of a kisse.

K. No widdow? that ile trie, how like you this?

He kisseth her.

Wid. Beshrew my hart, it was a hornie kisse,
Able to make an aged woman young:
And for the same most sweet and louely prince,
See what the widdow giues you from her store,
Forty olde Angels but for one kisse more.

K. Marie Widdow and thou shalt haue it,
John Hobs thou art a widdower,

Lackest thou such a wife?

Hob. Snailes, twencie pound for a kisse? had thee as many twenty pound bags as I haue knobs of barke in my Tankat, thee might kisse them away in a quarter of a yeare. Ile no Saint Katherines widowes, if kisses be so deere.

Widdow. Clubs and clouted shooes, theres none enamourde here.

King. Lord Maior, wee thanke you and entreat withall,
To recommend vs to our Cittizens:
Wee must for France, we bid you all farewell,
Come Tanner thou shalt with vs to Court,
To morrow you shall dine with my Lord Maior,
And afterward set howeward when ye please:
God and our right that onely fightes with vs:
Adiew, pray that our toyle proue prosperous.

Exeunt

FINIS.

THE SECOND PART of King Edward the Fourth. Contayning his iourney into France, for obtayning of his right there: The trecherous falshood of the Duke of Burgundie, and the Constable of France vsed against him, and his returne home again. Likewise the prosecution of the historie of M. Shoare and his faire wife: Concluding with the lamentable death of them both.

Enter king Edward, *Howard*, Sellinger, and Soldiers marching.

Edward

Is this the aide our Cosin Burgundie,
And the great Constable of France assured vs?
Haue we marched thus far through the hart of France?
And with the terror of our English Drums:
Rouzde the poor trembling French, which leaue their towns
That now the Wolues affrighted from the fieldes,
Do get their pray, and kennell in their streetes?
Our thundring Canons, now this fortnight space,
Like common Bell-men in some market towne:
Haue cryed the Constable and Burgundie,
But yet I see they come not to our aide,
Wée bring them in, or by the blessed light,
Wée search the Ground-sills of their Cittie walles,

Since you haue brought me hether: I will make,
The proudest Tower that stands in France to quake,
I marualle Scales returnes not, for by him
I doe respect to heare their resolutions.

Enter the Lord Scales.

How. My Soueraigne he is happelie returnde.
Ed. Welcome my Lord, welcome good Cosin Scales,
What newes from Burgundie, what is his answere?
What comes he to our succour as he promised?
Scales. Not by his goodwil, for ought that I can see
He lingers still in his long siedge at Nuse.
I vrgd his promise and your expectation,
Euen to the force and compas of my spirite,
I cheerd my firme persuasions, with your hopes,
And gylded them with my best Oratorie,
I framde my speech still fitly as I found
The temper of his humor, to be wrought vpon,
But stil I found him earthy, vnresolute,
Muddy, and me thought euer through his eyes,
I saw his wauering and vnsetled spirite,
And to be short, subtile and trecherous,
And one that doth entend no good to you,
And he will come, and yet he wanteth power,
He would fayne come, but may not leaue the siedge,
He hopes he shall, but yet he knowes not when,
He purposed, but some impedimentes,
Haue hindred his determined intent,
Briefly, I thinke he will not come at all.
Ed. But is he like to take the towne of Nuse.
Sca. My Lord the towne is liker to take him,
That if he chance to come to you at all,
It's but for succour.
Ed. But what sayes Count Saint Paule?
Scales. My Lord he lies, and reuelles at S. Quintens,
And laughes at Edwardes comming into France,
There Dominering with his drunken crue,

Make

ke Jiggers of vs, and in their slauering Iestes,
l how like Rogues we lie here in the field,
n comes a slaue one of those drunken sottes,
with a Tauerne reckoning for a supplication,
guised with a cushion on his head,
drawers Apron for a Heraldes Coate,
tels the Count, the king of England craues
: of his worthy honors Dog-kennels,
be his lodging for a day or two.
h some such other Tauerne folerie:
th that this filthy rascall greasie rout,
t out in laughter at this worthy iest,
ghing like horses: thus the Count Saint Paul
urdes his promise to your Maiestie.
Will no man thrust the slaue into a Sackbut:
Now by this light were I but neer the slaue
a blacke Iacke I would beat out his braines.
If it please your Highnes but to say the word,
le plucke him out of Mumtens by the eares.
No cosin Howard, weele reserue our valour,
better purpose, since they both refuse vs,
selues will be vnrinallde in our honor.
our first call my Lord is at maine France,
lt yet our Army is in health and strong,
aue ive once but broke vnto that warre,
l not leaue S. Paule, nor Burgundy,
bare Pigscoate to shroud them in.
ulde.
. My Soueraigne.
Goe Herauld, and to Lewes the French king,
ance sterne warre, and tell him I am come,
ake possession of my realme of France.
him boldly from vs, be thy voice
rce as thunder, to affright his soule:
uld be gone I say, and be thy breath,
ing as lightning, and thy words as death

Her, I goe my Liedge resolude to your hie will. *Exit*
Ed. Sound Drum I say, set forward with our power,
And France ere long expect a dreadfull hower,
I will not take the English standard downe,
Till thou empale my Temples with thy Crowne.

Enter Lewes the French king, Burbon, and S. Pier, with the Heraulde of *England*.

K. Lewes. Herauld of England, we are pleased to heare,
What message thou hast brought vs from thy king,
Prepare thy self, and be aduisde in speech.
English. Heraulde Right gratious and most christian king of France,
I come not to thy presence vnprepardе
To doe the message of my Royall Liedge.
Edward the Fourth, of England and of France,
The lawfull king, and Lord of Ireland,
Whose puissant magnanimious breast incensde,
Through manifest notorious iniuries,
Offred by thée king Lewes and thy French,
Against his title to the Crowne of France,
And right in all these Dukedomes following,
Aquitane, Aniow, Guyen, Anguilesme,
Breathes forth by me the Organe of his speach,
Hostile defiance to thy realme and thee:
And trampling now vpon the face of France,
With barbed horse, and valiant armed foote:
Himselfe the Leader of those martiall troupes,
Bids thée to battell, where and when thou darst,
Except thou make such restitution
And yearely tribute on good hostages,
As may content his iust conceiued wrath,
And to this message answere I expect.
Lew. Right peremptorie is this embassage,
And were my royall Brother of England pleasde,

To

ntertaine those kind affections,
erwith we do embrace his amitie:
les were all these thunder-threatning words,
eauen(where all our thoughts are registred)
e record, with what deepe desire of peace,
hall subscribe to such conditions,
uity for England shall propound,
Iward haue sustained wrong in France,
es was neuer author of that wrong,
aulties we wil make due recompence,
are assurde that his maiestike thoughtes
s mild spirite did neuer meane these warres,
Charles Burgundie once our fawning frend,
now our open foe, and Count S. Paule,
subiect once and Constable of France,
now a traitor to our Realme and vs,
e Motiues to incite him into Armes,
ch hauing done will leaue him on my life.
. The king my maister reckes not Burgundy
scornes S. Paule that trecherous Constable,
uissance is sufficient in it selfe,
onquere France like his Progenitors.
. He shall not need to wasse by force of war,
re peace shal yeeld him more then he can win
ouet peace, and we will purchase it
y rate that reason can demaunde,
t is better England ioyne in league,
h vs his strong, old, open enemie,
t with those weake & new dissembling frends,
oe secure vs from our open foes,
rust in frendes(though faithles) we repose,
Lord S. Piere and Cosin Burbon speake
it censure you of Burgundy, and S. Paul.
. Dread L. it is well known that Burgundy,
e shew of tender seruice to your Maiesty,
y the engine of his flatteries,

He made a breach into your Highnes loue,
Where entred once and thereof full possest,
He so abuse that royall excellence,
By getting footing into many townes,
Castles and fortes belonging to your Crowne
That now he holds them gainst your Realm & you.
B. And Count S. Paule the Constable of France
Ambitious in that high authority,
Vsurpes the lands and Signiories of those,
That are true Subiectes, noble Peeres of France,
Your boundles fauours did him first suborne,
And now to be your Liegeman hee thinkes scorne.
Lew. By this coniecture, the vnsteady course,
Thy royall maister vndertakes in France,
And Herald intimate what feruent zeale,
We haue to league with Edward and his English,
Three hundred Crownes we giue thée for reward,
And of rich Crimson veluet thirty yeardes,
In hope thou wilt vnto thy Soueraigne tell,
We shew thee not one discontented looke,
Nor render him one misbeholden word:
But his defiance and his dare to warre,
We swallow with the supple oyle of peace,
Which gentle Herrald if thou canst procure
A thousand Crownes shall iustly guerdon thee.
Her. So please it your most sacred Maiesty,
To send vnto my gratious Soueraigne,
Equall conditions for the bonds of peace,
And restitution of his iniuries,
His temper is not of obdurate malice,
But sweete relenting princely Clemency.
Performe your promise of a thousand crownes,
And second me with some fitte messenger,
And I will vndertake to worke your peace.
Le. By the true honor of a Christian king,
Effect our Peace and thou shalt haue our Crowns

And

Ind we wil poste a Herald after thee,
That shall confirme thy speech, and our designes,
So Mugeroune, see to this Herauld giuen
The veluet, and three hundred crownes pr: posde,
Farewell good friend, remember our request,
Ind kindly recommend vs to King Edward.

Exeunt English herauld and Mugeroune.

Now thinke you Lords ist not more requisite
To make our peace, then war with Englands powre.

Burb. Yes gracious Lord, the wounds are bleeding
That Talbot, Bedford, and King Henry made, (yet
Which peace must cure, or France shall languish still.

S. Piere. Besides my liege by these intestine foes,
The Constable and trecherous Burgundie.
The States in danger if the English stirre.

Enter Mugeroune.

K. Lew. Tis perillous, and full of doubt my Lords,
We must haue peace with England euerie way,
Who shall be Herald in these high affaires.

Bur. No better man then Mounsieur Mugeroune.
Whose wit is sharpe, whose Eloquence is sound,
His presence gracious, and his courage good,
gentleman, a scholler, and a Souldiour,
compleate man for such an Embassage,
rt thou content to bee employde Mugeroune,
n this Negociacion to King Edward?

Mug. If your most sacred Maiestie commaund,
Your humble vassall Mu eroune shall go.

K. Lew. Gramercies Mugeroune, but thou must
Heraulds habit, and his office both, (assume,
To pleade our loue, and to procure vs peace,
With English Edward, for the good of France.

Muge. I know the matter and the forme my Lord,
Giue me my Heraulds coate, and I am gone.

K. Lew. Thou art a man composde for businesse,
Attend on vs for thy instructions.

And other fit supplies for these affayres,
And for thy diligence expect reward. Exeunt.

Enter seuerall waies Burgundie and the Constable of Fraunce.

Con. Whether away so fast goes Burgundie?
Bur. Nay rather whether goes the Constable?
Con. Why to King Edward(man)is he not come?
Speaust thou not likewise to go visit him?
Bur. Oh excellent, I know that in thy soule,
Thou knowst that I do purpose nothing lesse,
Nay I do know, for all thy outward shewe,
Thou hast no meaning once to looke on him.
Brother dissembler, leaue this colouring,
With him that meanes as falsely as thy selfe.
Co. I, but thou knowst that Edward on our letters,
And hoping our assistance when hee came,
Did make this purposde voyage into Fraunce,
And with his forces is hee here arriude,
Trusting that wee will keepe our word with him.
Now, though we meane it not yet set a face,
Upon the matter, as though wee intended,
To keepe our word with him effectuallie.
Bur. And for my better countenance in this case,
My lingring siege at Nuse will serue the turne,
There will I spend the time to disappoynt,
King Edwards hope of my conioyning with him.
Con. And I will keepe me still here in S. Quintins,
Pretending mightie matters for his aide,
But not performing any on my word,
The rather Burgundie, because I aime,
At matters which perhaps may cost your head,
If all hit right to expectation,
In the meane space like a good craftie knaue,
That hugs the man, he wisheth hangde in hart

{ All this aside

Keepe

Keepe I faire weather still with Burgundie,
Till matters fall out for my purpose fit.
Ici sont mon secrets, beau temps pour moy.
Bur. Ici sont mon secrets, beau temps pour moy.
Are ye so craftie Constable? proceede, proceede,
You quicke sharpe sighted man, imagine me,
Blinde, witlesse, and a fillie Idiot,
That pries not into all your pollicies,
Who I? no, God doth knowe my simple witte.
Can neuer sound a iudgement of such reach,
As is our cunning Constable of France:
Perswade thy selfe so still, and when time serues,
And that thou art in most extremitie,
Needing my helpe, then take thou heede of mee,
In meane while Sir, you are the onely man
That hath my heart, hath? I, and great reason too,
Thus it befits men of deepe reach to doo.
Well Constable, youle backe againe to Nuse,
And not aide English Edward?
Con. What else man?
And keepe thee in Saint Quintins, so shall we
Smile at king Edwards weake capacitie. *Exeunt.*

Enter King Edward, with Burgundie, Howard, Sellenger, and Scales.

Kin. Ed. Tell not me Burgundie, tis I am wrongd,
And you haue dealt like a disloyall knight,
B. Edward of England, these are vnkingly words;
Kin. He that wil do (my Lord) what he should not.
Must and shall heare of me what hee would not,
I say againe, you haue deluded mee.
Bur. Am I not come according to my word,
K. No Charles of Burgundie, thy word was giuen,
To meete with me in April, now tis August,
The place appointed Calice, not Lorraine,
And thy approach, to be with martiall troupes,
But thou art come, not hauing in thy traine,

So much as Page or Lackie to attend thee,
As who should say thy presence were munition,
And strength inough to answere our expect:
Summer is almost spent, yet nothing done,
And all by dalliance with vncertaine hope.
B. My forces lay before the Cittie Mule,
From which I could not rise, but with dishonour,
Vnlesse vpon some composition had.
King. Ed. There was no such exception in your letters
Why smiles Lord Scales?
Scales. My man reports my Lord,
The composition that the Duke there made,
Was meere compulsion: for the Cittizens,
Drawe him from thence perforce,
King Ed. I thought so much:
We should not yet haue seene your excellence,
But that your heeles were better then your hands
B. Lord Scales, thou dost me wrong to slander me.
K. E. Letting that passe, it shall be seene my Lord,
That we are able of our selfe to claime.
Our right in France, without or your assistance,
Or any others, but the helpe of heauen.
Bur. I make no question of it, yet the Constable
Prest with no such occasion as I was,
Might haue excuse vs both if hee had pleasde.
Ki. Ed. Accuse him not, your cities as we came,
Were euen as much to bee condemnd as his,
They gaue vs leaue to lye within the field,
And scarcely would afford vs meate for money.
This was small friendship in respect of that,
You had ingagde your honour to performe,
But march we forward as wee were determined:
This is S. Quintins, where you say my Lorde,
The Constable is readie to receiue vs,
Bu. So much he signified to me by letter,
K. Ed. Well wee shall see his entertainment, forward,

As they march vpon the Stage, the Lord Scales is strucke downe, and two souldiours slaine outright, with great shot from the towne.

Flie to our maine battaile, bid them stand,
Theres treason plotted: speake to me L. Scales,
Or if there be no powre of life remaining,
To vtter thy hearts grieuaunce, make a signe,
Two of our common souldiours slaine beside,
This is hard welcome, but it was not you,
At whom the fatal engine did ayme,
My breast the level was, though you the marke,
In which conspiracie answere me Duke,
Is not thy soule as guiltie as the Earles?
Bur. Perish my soule, King Edward if I knew,
Of any such intention, yet I did, and grieue that it hath
bed no other wise.
King. Ed. Howard and Sellenger?
Burgundie steales away.
What is there hope of life in none of them?
How. The souldiours are both slaine outright my Lord,
But the Lord Scales a little is reconered
K. Ed. Conuay his bodie to our pauillion,
And let our surgeons vse all diligence
They can deuise for safegard of his life,
Whilst wee with all extremitie of warre,
Go plague S. Quintins, Howard fetch on our powers,
We will not stirre a foote, till we haue shewne,
Iust vengeance on the Constable of France,
Oh God, to wooe vs first to passe the sea,
And at our comming thus to halt with vs,
I thinke the like thereof was neuer seene,
But wheres the Duke?
Sel. Gone as it seemes my Lord.
Stept secretly away, as one that knewe
His conscience would accuse him if he staide,

K.E. A paire of most dissembling hypocrites,
Is he and this base Earle, on whom I vow,
Leaving King Lewis vnpreiudicde in peace,
To spend the whole measure of my kindled rage,
Their streetes shall sweate with their effused bloud,
And this bright Sunne be darkned with the smoke,
Of smouldring cinders, when their Cittie lies
Buried in ashes of reuengefull fire,
On whose pale superficies in the steede
Of parchment, with my launce ile draw these lines,
Edward of England left this memorie,
In iust reuenge of hatefull trecherie.

Enter Howard againe.

Lord Howard haue ye done as I cammanded?
How. Our battailes are disposde, and on the browe
Of euerie inferiour seruiter my Lord,
You might beholde destruction figured,
Greedily thrusting to beginne the fight,
But when no longer they might be restrainde,
And that the drumme and trumpet both beganne
To sound warres cheerefull harmonie: behold,
A flagge of truce vpon the walles was hangd,
And forth the gates did issue meekely pac't,
Three men, whereof the Constable is one,
The other two the Gunner and his mate,
By whose grosse ouer-sight (as they report,)
This sodaine chance vnwittingly befel,
K. Ed. Bring forth the Constable: the other two,
See them safe guarded, till you know our pleasure,

Enter the Constable and Howard.

Now my Lord Howard, how ist with Scales?
How. Wel my dread soueraigne, now his wound is
And by the opinion of the surgeons, (drest,
Its thought he shall not perish by this hurt,
K. Ed. I am the gladder, but vnfaithful Earle,
I do not see how yet I can dispense

With

b thy submission, this was not the welcome,
letters sent to England, promise mee.
n. Right high and mightie Prince condemne me not,
am as innocent in this offence,
y souldiour in the English armie,
fault was in our gunners ignorance,
taking you for Lewes King of France,
likewise is within the Cittie kenne,
that unluckie shotte to beate him backe,
not of malice to your maiestie, (selfe,
nowledge which, I brought them with my
hirtie thousand crownes within this purse,
by the Burgers to redeeme your lacke.
d. Constable of France we will not sel a drop
nglish bloud, for all the gold in France:
n so much two of our men are slaine, (thée,
nt their deaths, those two that came with
both be cramde into a Cannons mouth,
be shot into the towne againe:
not like but that they knew our cullours,
f set purpose did this villanie,
an I be perswaded thoroughly,
hat our person was the mark they aimed at:
ce wee well content to hold you excuse,
our souldiours must bee satisfied,
herefore first shall be distributed,
crownes amongst them, then you shall returne,
f your best prouision send to vs:
ie waine loade, beside twelue tunne of wine:
f the Burgers will subscribe vnto,
peace is made, otherwise I will proclaime,
ibertie for all to take the spoyle.
. Your highnes shall be answerd presentlie,
will see these articles performed.
et one thing more, I wil that you my Lord,
her with the Duke of Burgundie,

Do ere to morrow noone bring all your force,
And joyne with ours, or else we doe recant,
And these conditions shall be frustrate.
C. Mine are at hand my Lord, and I will write,
The Duke may likewise be in readinesse,
K.E. Let him haue safe conduct through our armie,
And gainst the morning euerie leader see,
His troupes be furnisht, for no longer time,
God willing shall the tryall be deferred,
Twixt Lewes and vs. What echoing sound is this?
Sel. A Gentleman from the King of France my (Lord,
Cranes parlance with your excellence,
Ki.Ed. A gentleman, bring him in.
What newes a Gods name from our brother Lewis.

Enter Mugeroune.

Mu. Most puissant and most honourable king,
My royall maister, Lewis the king of Fraunce,
Doth greet your highnes with vnfained loue,
Wishing your health, prosperitie, and rule,
And thus he sayes by me. When was it seene,
That euer Lewis pretended hurt to England,
Either by close conspirators sent ouer,
To vndermine your state, or openlie,
By taking armes, with purpose to inuade,
Nay when was it, that Lewis was euer heard,
So much as to detract from Edwards name,
But still hath doone him all his due of speech,
By blazing to the world his high deserts,
Of wisedome, valour, and his heroycke birth:
Whence is it then that Edward is incensde,
To render hate for loue, for amitie sterne ware
Not of himselfe wee know: but by the meanes
Of some infectious counsell, that like mudde,
Would soyle the pure temper of his noble mind,
It is the Duke, and that pernicious rebell,
Earle of S. Paul, haue set abroach these warres,

Who of themselues, vnable to proceede,
Would make your grace the instrument of wrong,
nd when you haue done what you can for them,
ou shall be sure of nothing but of this,
till to be doubled and dissembled with,
ut if it might séeme gratious in your eye,
o cast of these despisde confederates,
nfit companions for so great a prince,
nd ioyn in league with Lewes my royal maister,
m shall you finde as willing as of power,
o doe your Grace all offices of loue:
nd what commoditie may spring thereby,
o both the Realms, your Grace is wise inough,
Without my rude suggestions to imagine,
esides, much bloudshed for this present time,
Will be preuented when two such personages,
al méete together to shake hands in peace,
nd not with shocke of Launce and Curtelare,
hat Lewes is willing, I am his substitute,
d he himselfe in person if you please,
t farre from hence will signifie as much.
..E. Sir, withdraw and giue vs leaue a while.
take aduisement of our Councellors,
hat say ye Lordes vnto this proffered truce?
'o. In my conceite let not be slipt my Lord.
:l. Wilt not be dishonor hauing landed
great an army in these partes of France,
d not to fig t before we doe returne?
'o. How can it when the enemie submittes,
d of himselfe makes tender of allegiance?
l. I thats the question whether he will yeeld,
d doe king Edward fealtie or no.
. What talk ye Lords? he shal subscribe to that,
no conditions ile accept at all.
.Let him be bound my Lord to pay your Grace,
ward your expences, since your comming ouer

Seauenty fine thousand Crownes of the Summe,
And yearely after fiftie thousand more,
During your life, with homage therewithall
That he doth hold his royaltie from you.
And take his offer, t'will not be amisse.
Ed. It shall be so, draw you the articles,
And Sellinger call forth the Messenger,
Bring with thee too a cup of Massie gold,
And bid the bearer of our priuie purse,
Inclose therein a hundred English Ryals,
Friend we do accept thy maisters League,
With no lesse firme affection then he craues,
If he will meete vs here betwixt our tents,
It shall on both sides be confirmde by oath,
On this condition that he will subscribe,
To certaine Articles shall be proposde,
And so thou hast thy answere, to requite
Thy paines herein, we giue to thée this cup.
Her. Health & encrease of honor wait on Edward.
Ed. Lord Howard bring ẏ Frenchmã on his way.
Ed. King Lewes is one that neuer was precise,
But now L. *Howard* and Tom *Sellinger*,
There is a taske remaines for you to doe,
And that is this, you two shall be disguisde,
And one of you repaire to Burgondy,
The other to the Constable of France,
Where you shall learne in secret if you can,
If they entend to meete vs here to morrow,
Or how they take this our accord with France,
Somewhat it giues me you wil bring from thence
Worthy the noting, will you vndertake it?
Sel. With all my hart my L. I am for Burgondy
How. And I am for the Constable of France.
Exeunt.
Ed. Make spéede againe, what newes?
Mess. The king of France my L. attended royally,

Is marching hetherward to méete your Grace,
Ed. He shall be welcome, hast thou drawn the articles?
Mess. Yes my dread Soueraigne.
Ed. Goe, call forth our traine,
We may receiue him with like Maiestie.

Enter certaine Noblemen and Soldiers with a Drum, they march about the Stage, then enter king Lewes, and his traine, and meete with k. Edward, the kinges embrace.

K. Lewes. My princely brother, we are grieued much,
To thinke you haue béene at so great a charge,
And toyld your royall selfe so farre from home,
Vpon the vnconstant promise of those men,
That both dissemble with your Grace and me.
K. Edw. Brother of France you might condemne vs (rightly,
Not onely of great wrong and toyle sustaind,
But of exceeding folly, if incited,
We had presumde to enter these Dominions,
Vpon no other reason then the word,
And weake assistance of the Earle S. Paule,
Or Burgondies perswasion: tis our right,
That winges the body of composed warre,
And though we listned to their flatteries,
Yet so we shapte the course of our affaires,
As of our selfe we might be able found,
Without the trusting to a broken staffe,
Lew. I know your Maiesty had more discretion
But this is not the occasion of our méeting,
If you be pleasd to entertaine a peace,
My kingly Brother in the sight of these,
And of the all discouering eye of heauen,
Let vs embrace, for as my life I sweare,
I tender England and your happines.
K. Ed. The like do I by you & warlicke France
But princely Brother ere this knot be knit,

There are some few conditions to be signde,
That done I am as ready as your selfe.

K. Lew. Faire brother let vs heare them what they be.

King Ed. Herald repeate the Articles.

Her. First it is couenanted that *Lewes* king of France, according to the custome of his predecessors shall doe homage to king *Edward*, king of England, as his Soueraigne and true heire to all the Dominions of France.

Bur. How as his Soueraigne? that were to depose
And quite bereaue him of his Diademe,
Will kingly Lewes stoope to such vassalage?

Ki. *Edwar.* Burbon and if he will not let him chose.

K. Le. Brother haue patience, Burbon seale your lips,
And interrupt not these high consequentes.
Forward Herrauld, what is else demanded?

Her. Secondly it is couenanted that Lewes K. of France, shall pay vnto Edward king of England immediately vpon the agreement betwixt their Maiesties, seauentie fiue thousand Crownes of the sunne, toward the charge K. Edward hath beene at since his arriuall in these partes of France.

Bur. Mort dieu, héele neither leaue him Crowne nor coyne.

K. Lewes. Burbon I say be silent, Herrauld reade on.

Herald. Thirdly and lastly, it is couenanted, that ouer and beside those seauentie fiue thousand crownes of the sunne, now presentlie to be paide, Lewes king of France shall yearly hereafter, during the life of *Edward* king of England, pay fifty thousand crownes more without fraude or guile, to be tendred at his Maiesties Castle, commonly called the Tower of London.

Bur. Nay bind him that hee bring his Lordship a couple of capons too euery yeare beside.

Here is a peace indeed farre worse then warre.

K. *Ed* Brother of France are you resolude to doe,
According as you heare the Couenantes drawne.

K. *Lew.* Brother of England, mount your royall throane,
For Subiectes weale, and glory of my God,

And

And to deale iustly with the world beside,
Knowing your title to be lineall.
From the great Edward of that name the third,
Your Predecessor, thus I do resigne,
Giuing my Crowne and scepter to your hand,
As an obedient Liegeman to your Grace.
K.E. The same doe I deliuer backe againe,
With as large interest as you had before.
Now for the other couenantes.
K. Lewes. Those my Lord,
Shall likewise be performde with expedition,
And euer after, as you haue prescribde,
The yearely pension shalbe truely paide.
Herr. Sweare on this booke king Lewes so help you God,
You meane no otherwise then you haue saide.
K. Lew. So helpe me God as I dissemble not.
K. Ed. And so helpe he me as I entend to keepe,
Vnstained league and truce with noble France:
And kingly Brother now to consumate,
This happie day feast in our royall tent,
English and French are one, so it is meant.

Exeunt.

Enter at one dore, Burgundie chasing, with him Sellinger disguised like a Soldier, at an other the Constable of France, with him Howard in the like disguise.

Bur. A peace concluded, saiest thou? isst not so?
Sel. My Lord I doe assure you it is so.
Con. And thou affirmst the like: say, dost thou not?
How. I doe my Lord, and that for certainty.
Bur. I haue found it now, the villaine Constable
Hath secretly with Edward thus compact,
To soyne our king and him in amitie,
And thereby doubtlesse got into his hands,
Such lands and Dukedomes as I aymed at,

And leaues me disappointed in my hope,
A plague vpon such craftie cosening, } aside.
Now shall I be a marke for them to aime at,
And that vile slaue to triumph in my sorle.
Con. Tis so, for it can be no otherwise,
Burgundie hath beene priuie to this plot,
Conspirde with Lewes and the English king,
To saue his owne stake, and assure him selfe,
Of all those Signeuries I hoped for,
And thereupon this close peace is contriu'de,
Now must the Constable be as a butte,
For all their bullets to be leueld at,
Hell and hot vengeance light on Burgundie,
For this his subtile secret villanie.
Bur. Well fellow for thy paines take that,
Leaue me alone, for I am much displeasde. to Sel,
Con. And get thée gone my friend, theres for thy paines,
So leaue me to my selfe, to Howard.
Sel. Fare ye well Sir, I hope I haue pepperd yee.
How. And so I thinke haue I my Constable.
Exeunt Sellin. and How.
Bur. Now Constable, this peace, this peace,
What thinke yee of it man?
Con. Nay rather what thinkes Burgundie?
Bur. I thinke that he that did contriue the same,
Was little lesse then a dissembling villaine.
Con. Dog bite thy selfe? come on, come on,
Haue not you plaide John for the king,
To saue your selfe Sir?
Bur. Art thou good at that?
Adiew Sir, I may chance to hit you pat. Exit.
Con. You may Sir? I perhappes may be before ye,
And for this cunning through the nose to bore ye.
Exeunt.

Enter King Edward, king Lewes, How. Sellinger, and their traine.

So

K. Ed. So Sellinger, we then perceiue by thee
The Duke is passing angrie at our league:
Sel. I, my dread Lord beyond comparison,
Like a mad dog snatching at euery one
That passeth by: shall I but shew you how,
And act the manner of his tragicke furie?
K. No stay a while, me thought I heard thée say,
They meant to gréet vs by their messengers.
Sel. They did my Lord.
K. Ed. What and the Constable too?
How. My soueraigne yes.
King. But how tooke he the newes?
How. Faith euen as discontented as might be,
But being a more déepe melancholiste,
And sullenner of temper then the Duke,
He chawes his malice, fumes & frothes at mouth,
Uttering but little more then what we gather
By his disturbed lookes and riueld front,
Sauing that now and then his boyling passion,
Damnd vp as in a furnace, finding vent
Breakes through his seuerd lips into short puffes,
And then he mumbles forth a word or two,
As doth a toothlesse Monke when hees at mattens.
Kin. Oh it was sport alone to note their carriage.
Se. Sport my Lord? will you but heare me speake,
And if I do not wearie you with laughter,
Here truck Tom Sellinger more vpon his word.

Sound a Trumpet.

King. I pray thée peace, by this it should appeare
One of their messengers is come, go see,
Upon my life we shall haue some deuise,
Of new dissimulation: how now Tom?
Sel. Tis as your highnesse did suppose my Lord,
Here is a messenger from Burgondie.
King. Excellent good, admit him presently,
And brother of France, let me intreate your grace

To stand aside a little in my tent,
Least finding vs together, he restraine,
To tell the message he is sent about,
So sure I am perswaded we shall find
Some notable peece of knauerie set a foote.
K. Lew. With all my hart, vrge him speake loud enough,
That I my Lord may vnderstand him too. exit.
Enter the Lord of Conte.
K. Ed. Feare not, I haue the method in my mind:
What is it you my Lord of Conte? welcome,
How doth the valiant Duke, in health I hope?
Co. In health (my Lord) of body, though in mind
Somwhat distemperd, that your Grace hath found
In league with his professed enemie.
K. Ed. How say you that my Lord? pray you speake out,
For I of late by reason of a cold,
Am somewhat thicke of hearing.
Con. Thus my Lord,
Your Grace demanded if the Duke were well,
I answere you, he is in health of bodie,
Though inwardly in mind somewhat perplext,
That you without his knowledge haue tane truce
With childish Lewes that hartles king of France.
K. E. With whom I pray ye? a little lowder Sir.
C. With childish Lewes that hartles K. of France.
K. Ed. I now do vnderstand you, is it that
He takes vnkindly? why if he had come
With his expected forces as he promist,
I had beene still vncapable of peace,
But he deceiuing me, the fault was his.
Con. No my good Lord, the fault was not in him,
But in that lewd pernicious counterfaite,
That craftie Fore the Constable of France,
Who counceld him to keepe him at his siege,
Saying it would be more dishonorable
To rise from thence, then any way profitable,

To

To mete your Maiestie, beside my Lord,
It hath bin proued since, how much the Constable,
Hates your proceedings, by that willfull shotte,
Was made against you from S. Quintins wals,
Which though he seemd to colour with faire speech,
The truth is, they did leuell at your selfe,
And grieued when they heard you were not slaine.
Ki.E. May I be bold to credit your report?
Coust. The Duke vpon his honour bad me say,
That it was true, and therewithall quoth he,
Tell noble Edward if he will recant,
And fall from Lewis againe, knowing it is,
More for his dignitie to be sole king,
And conquer France as did his auncestors,
Then take a Fee, and so be satisfied,
That I am readie with twelue thousand souldiers
All well appointed, and not onely will,
Deliuer him the Constable of France,
That hee may punish him as he sees good,
But seate him in the throwne imperiall,
Which now another basely doth vsurpe, (words,
K.Ed. Speak that againe, I heard not your last
Cont. But seate you in the throne imperiall,
Which now another basely doth vsurpe.
Ki. I thanke his honour for his good regard,
Pleaseth you stay till wee haue pausde vpon it,
And you shall haue our answere to the Duke,
Tom Sellinger receiue him to your tent,
And let him taste a cuppe of Orleance wine,
Now my Kingly brother, haue you heard this newes?
K.Lew. So plainly my Lord that I scarce held my selfe,
From stepping forth, hearing my royall name,
So much prophande and slubberd as it was,
But I do weigh the person like himselfe.
From whence it came, a slie dissembler,
And spight my anger I was forst sometime,

To smile to thinke the Duke doth hang his friend,
Behinde his backe, whome to his face he smothes.
K. E. But we shall haue farre better sport anone:
Howard tels me that another Messenger,
Is come in Post-haste from the Constable,
As you haue begunne with patience heare the rest.
K. Le. No more adoe, sit to my place againe,
Remember that you still be deafe my Lorde,
K. E. I warrant you, Howard, cal in the messenger,
Enter the messenger from the Constable.
Mes. Health to the victorious King of England.
Ki. E. Tell him he must straine out his voyce alowd,
For I am somewhat deafe, and cannot heare.
How. His maiestie requests you to speake out,
Because his hearing is of late decayde.
Mes. The worthie Earle S. Paul.
King Ed. Come neere mee.
Mes. The worthie Earle S. Paul greetes noble Edward,
And giues your grace to understand by me,
That whereas Charles that painted sepulchre,
And most disloyall Duke of Burgundie,
Hath but vsurpt the habit of a friend,
Being in heart your deadly enemie,
As wel appeares in his false breach of promise,
And that whereas he neuer meant himselfe,
To send you aide, but likewise was the meanes,
To hinder my Lords well affected dutie,
Alleadging you desirde his companie
But that you might betray him to his king,
Beside whereas it wil ..pproude my Lord,
That he did hire the Gunner of S. Quintins,
For a large summe of money, to discharge
Three seuerall peeces of great Ordenance,
Vpon your comming to that cursed towne,
To slay your Maiestie: in which regard
If it will please ye to reuoke from France,

And

And thinke of Burgundie as hee deserues,
The Duke with expedition bad me say,
That he would put the Earle into your hands,
Whereby you might reuenge his trecherous purpose,
And ayde you too with twise fiue thousand men,
And seate you like a conquerour in France,
K. Ed. Can it seeme possible that two such friends,
So firmely knitte together as they were,
Should on a sodaine now be such great foes? (Duke
M. The Earle my Lord could neuer abide the
Since his last treason against your sacred person,
Before Saint Quintins came to open light.
Ki. Was that the cause of their dissention then?
Mes. It was my Lord.
King *Ed.* Well I will thinke vppon
And you shall haue our answere by and by,
Cosin Howard take him aside,
But let him bee kept from the others sight.
Ho. Sir wil you walk in, my Lord wil take aduise,
And so dispatch you backe againe vnto the Earle,
K. *L.* Heres vpinge of villanie who shal haue al,
Fraude with deceite, deceit with fraude outface,
I would the deuil were there to crie swoope-stake,
But how intendes your Grace to deale with them?
King E. Faith in their kind, I am the steele you see,
Against the which their enuie being strooke,
The Sparkles of hypocrisie file forth,
T were not amisse to quench them in their bloud.

Enter another messenger to the King of Fraunce with letters.

Mes. My Lord heres letters to your Maiestie,
One from the Duke of Burgundie, the other from the Constable,
K. L. More villanie, a thousand crownes to nothing:
K. E. Can there be more then is alreadie broacht,

We thinks they haue alreadie done so well,
As this may serue to bring them both to hel.
K Le. No, no, they are indifferently well loden,
But yet their traughts, not full, see other ware,
Other prouision to prepare their waie,
The verie same (My Lord) which they pretend,
In loue to you against my life and crowne,
The same they vndertake to doe for me
Against your safetie, urging if I please,
That they will ioyne their forces both with mine,
And in your backe returne to Calice, cut the throats
Of you and all your souldiours.
K. E. Oh damnable.
But that I see it figurde in these lines,
I would haue sworne there had bin nothing leste,
For their peruitions bram to worke vpon.
K.L. A traitor is like, a boldfacde hypocrite,
That neuer will be brought vnto a nonplus,
So long as hee hath libertie to speake.
K.E. The way to cure them, is to cut them off,
Call forth their messengers once more to vs,
How. Both of them my Lord:
K.E. Yes, both togither.
Weele see if they haue grace to blush or no,
At that their maisters shame now to attempt.
Enter both the Messengers.
Cont. What is his Maiestie of France so neere:
And Mounsier Rose the Earles secretarie:
I feare some hurt depends vpon his presence,
M. How comes it that I see the french king here?
I and the Lord of Countie too me thinks,
Pray God our message be not made a scorne.
K.Ed. You told me that you came from Earle S. Paul.
Mes. I did my Lord, And therein fabled not.
K. E. You told me too of many kinde indeuours,
Which hee intended for our benefite:

Mes. No more then hee is willing to performe.
Ki.E. Know you his hand-writing if you seete?
Mes. I doe my Lorde.
King Ed. Is this his hand or no?
Mes. I cannot say but that it is his hand.
K. E. How comes it then that vnderneath his hand
My death is sought, when you that are his mouth,
Tune to our eares a quite contrarie tale?
The like read you decyphred in this paper,
Concerning trecherous wauering Burgundie,
Vnlesse you graunt they can diuide themselues,
And of two shapes become foure substances,
How is it I should haue their knightly aide,
And yet by them be vtterly destroyde?
K.Le. And I to be protected by their meanes,
And yet they shall conspire against my life.
K. E. What call you this, but vile hypocrisie?
K.L. Nay pesant-like vnheard of trecherie.
Co. My Lord vpbrayd not me with this offence:
I do protest I knewe of no such letters,
Nor any other intention of the Duke,
More then before was vttred in my message.
Sel. Will you bee halting too before a creeple?
Do you not remember what they were,
That first did certifie the Duke of truce,
Betwixt the renowned Edward and the French?
Co. Yes they were two souldiours, what of that?
Sel. Those souldiers were this gentleman and I,
Where we did heare the foule mouthde Duke exclaime,
Against our noble soueraigne and this Prince,
And rorde and bellowed like a parish bull,
And that in hearing both of you and him,
His words so please my Lord I can repeate,
As he did speake them at that very time.
K.Ed. Well they are messengers, & for that cause
We are content to beare with their amisse,

But keepe them safe, and let them not returne,
To carrie tales vnto those counterfeits,
Untill you haue them both as fast insnarde,
To compasse which the better, brother of Fraunce,
Fiue thousand of our souldiours here we leaue,
To be imployde in seruice to that end,
The rest with vs to England shall returne, Exit.

Enter Chorus.

Ch. King Edward is returned home to England,
And Lewes King of France soone afterward,
Surprized both his subtill enemies,
Rewarding them with traiterous recompence,
Now do we draw the curtaine of our Scene,
To speake of Shoare and his faire wife againe,
With other matters thereupon depending,
You must imagine since you sawe him last
Preparde for trauile, he hath bin abroade,
And seene the sundrie fashions of the world,
Vlysses like, his countries loue at length,
Hoping his wifes death, and to see his friendes,
Such as did sorrow for his great mishaps,
Come home is hee, but so vnluckilie,
As hee is like to loose his life thereby:
His and her fortunes shall wee now pursue,
Gracde with your gentle sufferance and view. Exeunt.

Enter Mistris Shoare with Iockie her man, and some attendants more, and is met by Sir Robert Brakenburie.

Iane Shore. Haue yee bestowde our small beneuolence,
On the poore prisoners in the Common Gaole,
Of the White Lyon and the Kings bench?

Iockie. Yes for suth?

Iane. What prisons this?

Iockie. The Marshalsea forsuth.

Enter Sir Robert Brakenburie.

Bra. Well met faire Ladie in the happiest time,
And choysest place that my desire could wish,

Without

Without offence, where haue yee beene this way?
Io. To take the aire here in Saint Georges field,
Sir Robert Brakenburie, and to visit some
Poore patients that cannot visit mee.
Bra. Are you a phisition?
Iane. I a simple one.
Bra. What disease cure yee?
Iane. Faith none perfectlie,
My phisicke doth but mittigate the paine
A little while, and then it comes againe.
Bra. Sweete mistris Shoare, I vnderstand ye not.
Iane. Maister Lieutenant I beleeue you well.
Iockie. Gude faith Sir Robert Brokenbellie, may maistres speekes deftly and truelie, for shee hes beue till see thore that cannot come till see her: and theyes peatients perforce. The prisoners man in the twea prisons. And shee hes gynne tham her siller and her géere till bay tham fude.
Bra. Gramercies Iockie thou resoulste my doubte.
A comfort ministring kinde Phisition.
That once a weeke in her owne person visits,
The prisoners and the poore in Hospitalles,
In London or neere London euerie way,
Whose purse is open to the hungrie soule,
Whose pittious heart saues many a tall mans life.
Iane. Peace good Sir Robert, tis not worthie praise,
Nor yet worth thankes, that is of duetie doone,
For you know well, the world doth know too well,
That all the coales of my poore charitie,
Cannot consume the scandall of my name,
What remedie? well, tell mee gentle knight,
What meant your kinde salute and gentle speech,
At our first meeting, when you séemde to blesse
The time and place of our encounter heere?
Bra. Ladie there lies here prisonde in the Marshalsea,
A gentleman of good parents and good discent.
My deare néere kinsman, Captaine Harrie Stranguidge,

As tall a skilfull Nauigator tride,
As ere sette fute in any shippe at sea,
Whose lucke it was to take a prize of France,
As hee from Rochell was for London bound:
For which (except his pardon be obtainde,
By some especiall fauourite of the King)
Hee and his crew, a companie of proper men,
Are sure to die, because twas since the League.
Iane. Let me see him and all his companie.
Bra. Keeper bring forth the Captaine and his crew.

Eentr keeper, Stranguidge, Shoare disguisde, and three more fettered.

Iockie. Now fay oth diell. that sike bonnie men
sud bee hampert like plue Iades, weas me for ye gude
Laddes.
Bra. I Cosin Harrie, this is mistris Shoare,
Pearelesse in Court, for beautie, bountie, pittie.

Iane viewes them all.

And if shee can not saue thee, thou must die,
Stran. Will shee if shee can?
Bra. I Cosin Stranguidge I.
Sho. O torment worse then death to see her face,
That cauſde her shame, & my vniust disgrace, S. aside.
O that our mutuall eies were Basilisks,
To kill each other at his enterview, (well?
Bra. How like ye him ladie? you haue vie wd him
Iane. I pittie him, and that same proper man,
That turnes his backe, ashamde of this distresse,
Sho. Ashamde of thee cause of my heauinesse?
Iane. And all the rest, oh were the king returnde,
There might bee hope, but ere his comming home,

The

They may be tride, condemnd, and iudgde, & dead.
Shore. I am condemnd by sentence of defame, aside.
O were I dead I might not see my shame.
Bro. Your credit Ladie may prolong their tryall,
What Iudge is he that will giue you denyall?
Ia. Ile rack my credit, and wil launch my crowns,
To saue their liues, if they haue done no murther.
Sh. O thou hast cracht thy credit with a crowne. aside.
And murdred me poore Mathew Shore alive.
Strang. Faire Ladie, we did shed no drop of blood
Nor cast one Frenchman ouer bord, and yet,
Because the league was made before the fact,
Which we poore sea mē God knowes neuer heard:
We doubt our liues, yea though we should restore
Treble the value that we tooke, and more.
Twas lawfull prize when I put out to sea,
And warranted in my commission.
The kings are since combinde in amitie,
(Long may it last) and I vnwittingly
Haue toke a Frenchman since the truce was tane
And if I die, via, one day I must,
And God will pardon all my sinnes I trust,
My griefe will be for these poore harmelesse men,
Who thought my warrant might suborne ye deed,
Chiefly that gentleman that stands sadly there,
Who on (my soule) was but a passenger.
Iane. Well Captain Stranguidge, were the king at home,
I could say more.
Stran. Ladie, hees come a shore.
Last night at Douer, my boy came from thence,
And saw his Highnesse land.
Ian. Then courage sirs
Ile vse my sayrest meanes to saue your liues,
In the meane season spend that for my sake. casts her purse.
Enter Lord Marquesse *Dorset*, and claps
her on the shoulder.

Mar. By your leam: Mistresse Shore, I haue taken paines,
To find you out, come: you must go with me.
Iane. Whither my Lord?
Mar. Vnto the Queene my mother.
Iane. Good my Lord Marquesse Dorset wrong me not.
Mar. I can not wrong thée as thou wrongst my mother,
Ile bring thee to her let her vse her pleasure.
Iane. Against my will I wrong her good my Lord,
Yet am ashamde to sée her Maiestie.
Sweet Lord excuse me, say ye saw me not.
Mar. Shall I delude my mother for a whore?
No Mistresse Shore ye must go to the Queene.
Ia. Must I my Lord? what will she do to me?
Vse violence on me now the kings away?
Alas my Lord, behold this showre of teares,
Which kind King Edward would compassionate,
Bring me not to her, she will slit my nose,
Or marke my face, or spurne me vnto death.
Loke on me Lord, can ye find in your hart?
To haue me spoild that neuer thought you harme?
O rather with your rapier runne me through,
Then carrie me to the displeased Queene.
Shore. O hadst thou neuer broke thy vow to me
From feare and wrong had I defended thee.
Mar. I am inexorable, therefore arise,
And go with me, what rascall crue is this,
Mistres Shores sisters, such slaues make her proud
What sir Robert Brakenbury you a Shorist too?
Bra. No Shorist, but to saue my cosens life.
Mar. Then ile be hangd if he escape for this,
The rather for your meanes to Mistresse Shore.
My mother can do nothing, this whore all,
Come away minion you shall prate no more.
Ia. Pray for me friends and I will pray for you,
God send you better hap then I expect,
Go to my lodging you, and if I perish,

Take

Take what is there in lieu of your true seruice.
Ioc. Na a maye sale ayse nere forsake my gude ma istresse,
Till aye bea séene tha worst that spight can du her.
Exeunt Marquesse, & Iane & theirs.
Sho. For all the wrong that thou hast done to me,
They should not hurt thée yet if I were frée.
Bra. Sée cosen Stranguidge how the case is chaungde,
She that should help thée can not helpe her selfe.
Strang. What remedie? the God of heauen helps all,
What say ye mates? our hope of life is dasht,
Now none but God, lets put our trust in him,
And euery man repent him of his sinne,
And as together we haue liu'd like men,
So like tall men together let vs die:
The best is if we die for this offence,
Our ignorance shall pleade our innocence.
Keeper. Your meat is ready (Captaine) you must in.
Stran. Must I? I will: Cosen what will you do?
Bra. Wilt you some, but now I will to Court
To sée what shal become of Mistres Shore. exit.
Stran, God speed ye well.
Keep. Come Sir will you go in?
Sh. Ile eat no meat, giue me leaue to walk here,
Am I now left alone? no millions
Of miseries attend me euery where:
Ah Mathew Shore, how doth all séeing heauen,
Punish some sinne, from thy blind conscience hid?
Inflicting paine where all thy pleasure was,
And by my wife came all these woes to passe,
She falde her faith, and brake her wedlocks band,
Her honor staine, how could my credit stand?
Yet wil not I poore Iane on thée exclaime,
Though guilty thou, I guiltiesse suffer shame.
I left this land too little for my griefe,
Returning, am accounted as a théefe,
Who in that ship came but as passenger,

To see my friends, hoping the death of her,
At sight of whom some sparkes of former loue,
(Hid in affections ashes) pitie moue,
Kindling compassion in my broken hart,
That bleedes to thinke on her infinite smart,
O see weake women's imperfections,
That leaue their husbands safe protections,
Hazarding all on strangers flatteries,
Whose lust slake, leaues them to miseries,
See what dishonor breach of wedlocke brings,
Which is not safe even in the armes of kings:
Thus do I Lane lament thy present state,
Wishing my teares thy torments might abate. Exit.

Enter the Queene, Marquesse Dorset leading Mistres Shore, who fals down on her knees before the Queen fearefull and weeping.

Qu. Now (as I am a Queene) a godly creature,
Some how was she attended where you found her?
Mar. Madame I found her at the Marshal-sea,
Going to visite the poore prisoners,
As she came by, having beene to take the aire,
And there the keeper told me she oft deales
Such beauteous almes as seldome hath been seene.
Qu. Now before God, she would make a gallant Queene,
But good sonne Dorset stand aside a while.
God saue your Maiestie my Ladie Shore,
My Lady Shore said I? Oh blasphemie,
To wrong your title with a Ladies name,
Queene Shore, nay rather Empresse Shore,
God saue your Grace, your maiestie, your highnes,
Lord I want titles, you must pardon me:
What? you kneele there, King Edwards bedfellow
And I your subiect sit? fie, fie, for shame.
Come take your place, and ile kneele where you do,

I may

nay take your place, you haue taken mine,
od Lord that you will so debase your selfe:
m sure you are our sister Queene at least,
y that you are, then let vs sit together.
e. Great Queene, yet heare me, if my sinne committed,
ne not stopt vp all passage to your mercy,
tell the wrongs that I haue done your highnes,
ght make reuenge exceed extremitie,
had I words or tongue to vtter it,
pleade my womans weaknesse, & his strength,
at was the onely worker of my fall.
n innocence her selfe would blush for shame,
ce to be namde or spoken of in this,
them expect for mercie whose offence,
y but be called sinne, Oh mine is more,
strate as earth, before your highnesse feete.
ict what torments you shall thinke most meet.
. Spurne the whore (mother) teare those enticing eyes,
at robd you of King Edwards dearest loue.
ngl. those locks, the baites to his desires,
me come to her, you but stand and talke,
f reuenge consisted but in words.
Sonne stand aloofe, and do not trouble me,
s poore soule, as much adw haue I, aside.
forbeare teares to keep her company.
once more will I to my former humor.
y as I am, thinke that thou wert a Queene,
I as thou should wrong thy princely bed,
winne the King thy husband, as thou mine:
lould it not sting thy soule? Or if that I
ng a Queen, while thou didst loue thy husband:
uld but haue done as thou hast done to me,
lould it not grieue thee? yes I warrant thee.
re's not the meanest woman that doth liue,
: if she like and loue her husband well,
had rather feele his warme limmes in her bed,

Then sée him in the armes of any Queene,
You are flesh and blood as we, and we as you,
And all alike in our affections,
Though Maiestie makes vs the more ambitious.
What tis to fall into so great a hand,
Knowledge might teach thée. There was once a king,
Henry the second, who did keepe his lemman,
Cagde vp at Woodstocke in a Labyrinth,
His Queene yet got a tricke to find her out,
And how she vide her, I am sure thou hast heard,
Thou art not mewd vp in some secret place,
But kept in Court here vnderneath my nose,
Now in the absence of my Lord the king,
Haue I not time most fitting for reuenge?
Faire Rosamond, she a pure virgin was,
Untill the king seduc'de her to his will.
She wrongd but one bed, onely the angry Queenes,
But thou hast wronged two, mine and thy husbands,
Be thine owne Iudge, and now in iustice see,
What due reuenge I ought to take on thee.

Ia. Euen what you will (great Queene) here do I lie,
Humble and prostrate at your Highnesse feet,
Inflict on me what may reuenge your wrong,
Was neuer lambe abode more patiently,
Then I will doe. Call all your griefes to mind,
And do euen what you will, or how likes you,
I will not stirre, I will not shrike or crie,
Be it torture, poyson, any punishment,
Was neuer Doue or Turtle more submisse,
Then I will be vnto your chastisement.

M. Fetcht I her for this? mother let me come to her,
And what compassion will not suffer you
To do to her, referre the same to me.

Qu. Touch her not some, vpon thy life I charge thée,
But keepe off still, if thou wilt haue my loue. Exit Ma.
I am glad to heare ye are so well resolu'de,

To

To beare the burthen of my iust displeasure.

She drawes forth a knife, & making as though she meane to spoyle her face, runs to her, and falling on her knees, embraces and kisses her, casting away the knife.

Thus then ile do, alas poore soule,
Shal I weep with thee? in faith poore hart I will,
Be of good comfort, thou shalt haue no harme,
But if that kisses haue the power to kill thee,
Thus, thus, & thus, a thousand times ile stab thée.
Iane I forgiue thee: what fort is so strong,
But with besieging he will batter it?
Weepe not (sweet Iane) alas I know thy fere,
Touch't with the selfe same weaknes ý thou art,
And if my state had béene as meane as thine,
And such a beautie to allure his eye,
(Though I may promise much to mine owne strength)
What might haue hapt to me, I cannot tell.
Nay feare not, for I speake it with my hart,
And in thy sorrow truely beare a part.

Ia. Most high and mighty Quéene, may I beleue
There can be found such mercy in a woman,
And in a Queene, more then that in a wife,
So deeply wrongd as I haue wronged you?
In this bright christall mirror of your mercy,
I see the greatnesse of my sinne the more,
And makes my fault more odious in mine eyes,
Your princely pittie now doth wound me more,
Then all your threatnings euer did before.

Qu. Rise my sweet Iane, I say thou shalt not kneele,
Oh God forbid, that Edwards Queene should hate
Her, whom she knowes he doth so dearely loue,
My loue to her, may purchase me his loue.
Iane, speake well vnto the King of me and mine,
Remember not my sonnes ore-hastie speech,
Thou art my sister, and I loue thee so.

I know thou mayest do much with my dear Lord,
Speake well of us to him in any case,
And I and mine will loue and cherish thee.
Ia. All I can do is all too little too,
But to requite the least part of this grace,
The dearest thoughts that harbour in this breast,
Shall in your seruice onely be expest.

Enter King Edward angerly, his Lords following, and Sir Robert Brakenbury.

King. What is my Iane with her? it is too true,
See where she hath her downe vpon her knees.
Why how now Besse? what, will ye wrong my Iane?
Come hither loue, what hath she done to thee?

Iane fals on her knees to the King.

Ian. Oh royall Edward, loue, loue, thy beauteous Queene,
The onely perfect mirrour of her kind,
For all the choyest vertues can be nam'de.
Oh let not my bewitching lookes withdraw
Your deare affections from your dearer Queene,
But to requite the grace that she hath showne
To me the worthiesse creature on this earth,
To banish me the Court immediately,
Great King let me but beg one boone of thee,
That Shores wife were no her more iniurie.

As Iane kneels on one side the King, so the Queene steps and kneels on the other.

Qu. Nay then ile beg against her royall Edward,
Loue thy Iane still, nay more if more may be. kissing
And this is all the harme that at my hands her.
She shal endure for it. Oh where my Edward loues,
It ill beseemes his Queene to grudge thereat.
Kin. Sayest thou me so Besse, on my kingly word,
Edward will honour thee in hart for this:
But trust me Besse? I greatly was affraid,
I should not find ye in so good a tune.

How

How now, what would our Constable of the Tower?
Bra. The Queene and mistris Shoare do know my suite.
Qu. It is for Stranguidge and his men at sea,
Edward needes must you pardon them.
King. Haue I not vowed the contrarie alreadie?
Dishonour mee when I haue made a league?
My word is past, and they shall suffer death,
Or neuer more let mee see France againe.
Ia. Why there is one was but a passenger.
Shall hee die too?
King. Passe me no passage Iane, were he in companie, hee dies for companie.
Queene. God Iane intreate for them.
Iane. Come Edward, I must not take this answere,
Needes must I haue some grace for Stranguidge.
King. Why Iane, haue I not denide my Queene?
Yet what ist Iane I would denie to thee?
I prethee Brakenburie be not thou displeasde,
My word is past, not one of them shall liue,
One go and see them forthwith sent to death.

Exeunt

Enter Clarence, Glocester, and Shawe.

Gloc. I cannot see this prophesie you speake off,
Should any way so much displease the King,
And yet I promise you good Brother Clarence,
Tis such a letter as concerneth vs both,
That G. should put away King Edwards children,
And sit vpon his throne? that G. should? well.
Cla. God blesse the King, and those two sweet yong Princes.
Glo. Amen good brother Clarence?
Shaw. Amen.
G. And send them all to heauen shortly I beseech him.
C. The kings much troubled in his sicknesse with it.
G. I promise you hee is, and verie much.

But Doctor Shawe, who prophesied that G. should be so sud-
ly ominous to vs.

Shaw. My Lord of Glocester I receiude the same
From olde Frier Anselme of Saint Wartholmewes.

Glo. A great learned man he was, and as I haue heard,
Hath prophesied of very many things,
I promise you it troubles mee,
I hope in mee his prophesie is true. aside.

Cla. An so it does me, I tell you Brother Glocester.

G. I am sure it does, for loke you Brother Clarence,
We know not how his Highnesse will applie it,
We are but two, your selfe my Lord and I,
Should the yong Princes faile, which God defend?

Clarence. Which God defend.

Shawe. Which God defend,

Glo. aside. But they should bee cutte off: Amen, Amen.
You brother first, and should your issue faile,
Poore I am next, the yongest of the three.
But how farre I am from a thought of that,
Heauen witnes with me, that I wish you dead. aside.

Clarence. Brother I durst bee sworne.

Gl. God blesse you all, and take you to him if it be his wil.
Now brother, this prophesie of G. troubling the King,
Hee may as well applie it vnto Glocester,
My Dukedomes name, if hee bee Iealious,
As vnto George your name, good brother Clarence,
God helpe, God helpe: ifaith it troubles me,
You would not thinke how: aside. that any of you liue.

Cla. It cannot chuse: howe innocent I am,
And how vnspotted are my loyall thoughts.
Vnto his Highnes, and those sweet yong Princes,
God bee my record.

Glo. Who you, I, I durst answere for you,
That I shall cutte you off ere it be long, aside.
But reuerend Doctor, you can onely tell,
Being his Highnesse confessor, how hee takes it. aside to
Shaw you know my mind, a villain like my selfe, Shaw.

Shaw

Shawe. My Lord of Clarence I must tell your Lordship,
His Highnesse is much troubled in his sicknesse
With this same Prophesie of G. Who is this G?
Oft times hee will demaunde, and then will hee sigh,
And name his Brother George, your selfe my Lord.
And then hee strikes his breast, I promise you.
This morning in the extreamest of his fitte,
He lay so still, wee all thought hee had slept,
When sodainely, George is the G. quoth hee,
And gaue a groane, and turnde his face away.

Cla. God bee my witnesse, witnes with my soule,
My iust and bright thoughts to him and his,
I stand so guiltlesse and so innocent,
As I could wish my breast to bee transparent,
And my thoughts written in great letters there,
The world might reade the secrets of my soule.

Gl. Ah Brother Clarence, when you are suspected,
Wel, well, it is a wicked world the while,
But shall I tell you brother in plaine tearmes,
I feare, I feare, your selfe and I haue enemies,
About the King, God pardon them,
The world was neuer worse to bee trusted:
Ah brother George, where is that loue that was,
Ah it is banisht brother from the world:
Ah Conscience, Conscience, and true brotherhood,
Tis gone, tis gone, brother I am your friend,
I am your louing Brother, your owne selfe,
And loue you as my soule, vse mee in what you please,
And you shall see Ile doo a brothers part,
Send you to heauen I hope, ere it bee long, aside.
I am a true stampte villaine as euer liude.

Cla. I know you will, then brother I beseech you,
Pleade you mine innocence vnto the King,
And in meane time to tel my Loyaltie,
Ile keepe within my house at Bainards Castle,
Vntill I heare how my dread Soueraigne takes it.

Glocester. Do so good brother.
Cla. Farewell good Brother Glocester.
Glo. My teares will scarcely let me take my leave,
I love you so: Farewell sweete George. (*Exit* Cla.
So, is hee gone: now Shaw tis in thy powre,
To binde me to thee euerlastingly,
And there is not one steppe that I shall rise,
But I will draw thee with me vnto greatnesse,
Thou shalt sitte in my bosome as my soule,
Incense the King, now being as thou art,
So neere about him, and his Confessor,
That this G. onely is George Duke of Clarence,
Doctor thou needst not my instruction,
Thou hast a searching braine, a nimble spirite,
Able to master any mans affections,
Effect it Shawe, and bring it to passe once,
Ile make thee the greatest Shawe that euer was.
Glo. My Lord, I am going by commandement,
Vnto the Marshalsea, to Captaine Stranguidge,
For Piracie of late condemnde to die,
There to confesse him and his companie,
That done, Ile come with speede backe to the king,
And make no doubt but ile effect the thing.
Glo. Farewell gentle Doctor.
Shaw. Farewell my Lord of Glocester. *Exit.*
Glo. Let me awake my sleeping wittes a while,
Ha, the marke thou aimst at Richard is a crowne,
And many stand betwixt thee and the same,
What of all that? Doctor play thou thy part,
Ile climbe vp by degrees, through many a heart.

Exit.

Enter Brakenburie with Vaux
the Keeper.

Bra. Why master Vaux is there no remedie

But

But instantly they must be led to death?
Can it not be deferd till after noone,
Or but two houres, in hope to get reprine?
K. Maister Lieutenant, tis in vain to speake,
The Kings incense, and will not pardon them;
The men are patient, and resolude to die,
The Captaine and that other Gentleman,
Haue cast the dice whether shall suffer first.
Bra. How fell the Lot, to Stranguidge or to him?
Kee. The guiltiesse passenger must first go foot,
Bra. They are all guiltiesse from intent of ill,
Kee. And yet must die for doing of the deede,
Besides the Duke of Exeter found dead,
And naked floating vp and downe the sea,
Twixt Calice and our coast, is laid to them,
That they should robbe, and cast him ouerboord.
Bra. My soule bee pawne, they neuer knew of it.
Kee. Well bring them forth.
Bra. Stay them yet but an houre.
Kee. I dare not doo it Sir Robert Brakenburie.
You are Lieutenant of the Towre your selfe,
And know the perill of protracting time,
Moreouer heres that pickthanke Doctor Shaw,
The Duke of Glocesters spaniell shrining them,
Come bring them forth.
Bra. Poore Stranguidge must thou die?

Enter one bearing a siluer oare before Stranguidge, Shore, and two or three more piniond, and two or three with billes, and a hangman.

Bra. Sil. I dare not say good morrow, but ill day,
That Harrie Stranguidge is thus cast away.
Stran. Good cosin *Brakenburie* be as well content,
To see mee die, as I to suffer death.
Be witnesse that I die an honest man,

Glocester. Do so good brother.
Cla. Farewell good Brother Glocester.
Glo. My teares will scarcely let me take my leaue,
I loue you so: Farewell sweete George. (Exit Cla.
So, is hee gone: now Shaw tis in thy powre,
To binde me to thee euerlastingly,
And there is not one steppe that I shall rise,
But I will draw thee with me vnto greatnesse,
Thou shalt sitte in my bosome as my soule,
Incense the King, now being as thou art,
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And make no doubt but ile effect the thing.
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Shaw. Farewell my Lord of Glocester. *Exit.*
Glo. Let me awake my sleeping wittes a while,
Ha, the marke thou aimst at Richard is a crowne,
And many stand betwixt thee and the same,
What of all that? Doctor play thou thy part,
Ile climbe vp by degrees, through many a heart.

Exit.

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Kee. The guiltiesse passenger must first go foot,
Bra. They are all guiltiesse from intent of ill,
Kee. And yet must die for doing of the deede,
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And naked floating vp and downe the sea,
Twixt Calice and our coast, is laid to them,
That they should robbe, and cast him ouerboord.
Bra. My soule bee pawne, they neuer knew of it.
Kee. Well bring them forth.
Bra. Stay them yet but an houre.
Kee. I dare not doo it Sir Robert Brakenburie.
You are Lieutenant of the Towre your selfe,
And know the perill of protracting time,
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The Duke of Glocesters spaniell shriuing them,
Come bring them forth.
Bra. Poore Stranguidge must thou die?

Enter one bearing a siluer oare before Stranguidge, Shore, and two or three more piniond, and two or three with billes, and a hangman.

Bra. Stil. I dare not say good morrow, but ill day,
That Harrie Stranguidge is thus cast away.
Stran. Good cosin *Brakenburie* be as well content,
To see mee die, as I to suffer death.
Be witnesse that I die an honest man,

Because my fact proues ill through ignorance,
And for the Duke of Exeter his death,
So speede my soule as I am innocent,
Here goes my griefe, this guiltlesse Gentleman,
Like Aesops Storke, that dies for companie,
And came (God knowes) but as a passenger.
Ah master Flud, a thousand floods of woe.
Dre-flow my soule, that thou must perish so.
Sho. Good Captaine lette no perturbation,
Hinder our passage to a better world.
This last breaths blast will wast our weary soules,
Ouer death's gulfe, to heauens most happie port.
There is a little battaile to bee fought,

This while the hangman prepares, Shoare at this speech mounts vp the ladder.

Wherein by lotte the leading must bee mine,
Second mee Captaine, and this bitter breakfast,
Shall bring a sweeter supper with the Saints.
D.S. This Christian patience at the point of death,
Doth argue bee hath ledde no wicked life,
How euer heauen hath laide this Crosse on him,
Well Mathew Fludde, for so thou calst thy selfe,
Finish a good course as thou hast begunne,
And cléere thy conscience by confession,
What knowst thou of the Duke of Exeters death?
Sh. So God respect the waygate of my soule, as I know nothing.
Doc. Sh. Then concerning this for which thou dieſt, kneiwe Stranguidge of the league betwixt the kings before bee tooke that prize?
Sho. No in my conscience.
D. Sha. Stranguidge what say you?
You see theres but a turne betwixt your lines,
You must bee next, confesse and saue your soule,

Concer

Concerning that wherein I questionde him:
I am your ghostly father to absolue
You of your sinnes, if you confesse the truth.
Stran. True D. shaw, and as I hope for heauen,
In that great day when wee shall all appeare,
I neither knew how that good Duke came dead,
Nor of the league, till I had tane the prize.
Neither was Fludde, (that innocent dying man)
Euer with mee but as a passenger.
D. S. More happie he, wel Flud forgiue the world,
As thou wilt haue forgiuenesse from the heauens.
Sho. O so I doe, and pray the world forgiue,
What wrong I did whilst I therein did liue,
And now I pray you turne your paines to them,
And leaue mee priuate for a little space,
To meditate vpon my parting hence.
D. Sho. Do gentle Flud, and we wil pray for thée.
Sho. Pray not for Flud, but pray for Mathew shoare, aside.
For Shoare couered with the cloake of Flud,
If I haue sinnde in changing of my name,
Forgiue mee God, t'was done to hide my shame,
And I forgiue the world, King Edward first,
That wrackte my state, by winning of my wife,
And though hee would not pardon trespasse final,
In these, in me God knowes no fault at all.
I pardon him, though guiltie of my fall.
Perhaps he would, if hee had knowne t'was I,
But twentie deaths I rather wish to die.
Than liue beholding for one minutes breath
To him, that liuing, wounded me with death.
Death of my ioy, and hell of my defame,
Which now shall die vnder this borrowed name.
Lane, God forgiue thée, euen as I forgiue,
And pray thou maist repent while thou dost liue,
I am as glad to leaue this loathed light,
As to imbrace thee on our marriage night.

To die vnknowne thus, is my greatest good,
That Mathew Shoares not hangde, but Mathew Flud.
For floods of woe haue washt away the shore,
That neuer wife nor kinne shall looke on more:
Now when ye will, I am preparde to go.

Enter Iockie running and crying.

Iockie. Hawd, hawd, faye for speede, vntaye, vntrusse, pull down, pul off, God seaue the king: off with the helters, hence with the prisoners, a pardon, a pardon.

Bra. Good newes vnlookte for, welcome gentle friend, who brings the pardon?

Iockie. Stay first lat ma blaw: my mastres, mastres Shore shoe brings tha pardoune, tha kings pardoune: off with thore bands, bestow them o tha hangman, may mastres made mee runne the néerest way ore tha fields, she rayds apeace the hée way, shees at hawnd bay this: sirra yee that préech, come down, lat Doctor Shaw hea your place, hees tha better scholer, mastres Shoare brings a new lesson for you.

Shoare. O I had read my latest lesson well.
Hat hee beene readie to haue said Amen.

poynt to the hangman,

Now shall I liue to sée my shame agen.

shoare comes downe,

O had I dide vnwitting to my wife,
Rather then see her, though shee bring mee life.

Enter Iane in haste, in her riding cloake and sauegard, with a pardon in her hand.

Iane. Alas I sée that euen my smallest stay,
Had lost my labour, and cast them away,
God knowes I hasted all that ere I might,
Here maister Vaux, King Edward greetes ye well,

His

His gracious pardon frees this Gentleman,
And all his companie from shamefull death.
All. God saue the king, and God blesse mistres Shore.
Ioc. Amen, and kepe these frees comming here any meare.
Ian. You must discharge them paying of their fees,
Which for I feare their store is very small,
I will defray, hold, here, take purse and all,
Nay Maister Vaux tis gold, if not enough,
Send to me, I will pay ye royally.
Stran. Ladie, in the behalfe of all the rest,
With humble thanks I yeeld my selfe your slaue,
Command their seruice, and command my life.
Ia. No Captain Stranguidge, let the king cõmand
Your liues and seruice, who hath giuen you life,
These and such offices conscience bids me doe.
D.Sh. Pittie that ere awry she trode her shoe.
Sho. O had that conscience prickt when loue prouokt.
Bra. Ladie the last but not the least in debt,
To your denotion for my cosens life,
I render thankes, yet thanks is but a breath,
Command my seruice (Madame) during life,
Old Brakenburie vowes for you to stand,
Whil'st I haue limmes, or any fot of land.
Sh. Thus is her glory builded on the sand.
Ia. Thanks good M. Lieuetenant of the Tower.
Sirra prepare my horse, why stay you here? to Iocky.
Pray ye commend me to my noble friend
The Duke of Clarence now your prisoner,
Bid him not doubt the kings displeasures past
I hope to gaine him fauour and release.
Br. God graunt ye may, hees a noble gentlemã.
Do. Sh. My patrone Gloster will crosse it if he can.

Enter a Messinger.

Nuntio. Wheres Mistresse Shoare? Ladie I come in post,
The King hath had a verie dangerous fitte

Since you came from him, twice his Maiestie,
Hath swounded, and with much a doe reuiuede,
And still as breath will giue him leaue to speake,
He cals for you: the Queene and all the Lords
Haue sent to seeke ye, hast vnto his Grace,
Or els I feare you'l neuer see his face.
Ia. O God defend, good friends pray for the king,
More bitter are the newes which he doth bring,
Then those were sweet I brought to you but late:
If Edward die, confounded is my state,
Ile hast vnto him, and will spend my blood,
To saue his life or do him any good.

Exeunt she and the Messenger.

Sh. And so would I for thée hadst thou been true:
But if he die, bid all thy pompe adieu.
Bra. Beliene me but I do not like these newes,
Of the kings dangerous sicknesse.
Keeper. No nor I,
Captaine, and Maister Fludde, and all the rest,
I do reioyce your pardon was obtaind,
Before these newes, these inauspicious newes,
If the king die, the state will soone be changde,
M. Lieuetenant, you'l go to the Tower:
Ile take my leaue, gallants God buoye all.

Exeunt Vaux and his traine.

St. God buoye M. Vaux, I wus ye ha lost good guesse.
Bra. You shall be my guest for a night or two,
Cosen, till your owne lodging be preparde,
But tell me sir what meanes hath M. Fludde.
Strang. I can not tell, ile aske him if ye will.
Bra. Do so, and if his fortunes be debaide,
Ile entertaine him if heele dwell with me,
On good condition.
Strang. M. Mathew Fludde,
Heare ye my cosen Brakenburies mind:
He hath conceiud such liking of your partes,

That

That if your meanes surmount not his suppose,
Heele entertaine ye gladly at the Tower,
To waite on him, and put ye in great trust.
Sho. In what I undertake I will be iust,
And hold me happie, if my diligence
May please so worthy a Gentleman as he,
What ere my fortunes haue been, they are now,
Such as to seruice make their mayster bow.
Bra. No Flud more like a friend & fellow mate,
I meane to vse thee, then a seruitor,
And place thee in some credit in the Tower,
And giue thee meanes to liue in some good sort.
Sh. I thank ye sir, God grant I may deserue it.
Bra. Cosen and all your crue come home with me,
Where after sorrow we may merry be.
Sho. The Tower will be a place of secret rest,
Where I may heare good newes and bad, and vse the best,
God blesse the king, a worse may weare the crowne,
And then Iane Shore thy credit will come downe,
For though ile neuer bed nor bord with thee,
Yet thy destruction wish I not to see,
Because I lou'de thee when thou wast my wife,
Not for now saueing my disdained life,
Which lasts too long. God grant vs both to mend,
Well I must in my seruice to attend. Exit.

The Lord Louell and Doctor Shaw meet on the Stage.

Sha. Well met my good Lord Louell.
Lo. Whither away so fast goes Doctor Shaw?
Sha. Why to the Tower, to shriue the Duke of Clarence,
Who as I heare is faine so grieuous sicke,
As it is thought he can by no meanes scape.
Lo. He neyther can nor shall I warrant thée.
Sh. I hope my Lord he is not dead already?
Lo. But I hope sir he is, I am sure I saw him dead,

Of a flies death, drowned in a butte of Malmesey.
Sha. Drowned in a butte of Malmesey? that is strange,
Doubtlesse he neuer would mislooe himselfe?
Lo. No, that thou knowest right well, he had some helpers,
Thy hand was in it with the Duke of Glosters,
As smothly as thou séest to couer it.
Sha. Oh fowle words my Lord, no more of that,
The world knowes nothing, then what should I feare?
Doth not your honour séeke promotion?
Oh giue the Doctor then a little leaue,
So that he gaine preferment with a king,
Cares not who goes to wracke, whose hart doth wring.
Lo. A king? what king?
Sh. Why Richard man? who else? good Lord I sée,
Wise men sometimes haue weake capacitie.
Lo. Why is not Edward liuing? and if he were not,
Hath he not children? what shall become of them?
Sh. Why man, liuing for beds, a knisse, or so,
What make a boy a king, and a man by,
Richard, a man for vs? fie that were a shame.
L. Nay then I sée if Edward were deceast,
Which way the game would go.
Sha. What else my Lord?
That way the current of our fortune runnes,
My noble Richard, gallant royall Richard,
He is the man must onely doe vs good,
So I haue honour, let me swimme through blood.
My Lord, be but at Pauls crosse on Sunday next,
I hope I haue it here shall soundly proue,
King Edwards children not legitimate.
Nay, and that for Edward ruling now,
And George the Duke of Clarence so late dead:
Their mother hapt to tread the shooe awry.
Why what is Richard then?
Sha. Tut, lawfull man, he sayes it so himselfe.
And what he sayes ile be so bold as sweare,

Though

Though in my soule I know it otherwise.
Beware promotion while you liue my Lord.

Enter Catesbie.

Ca. A staffe, a staffe, a thousand crownes for a staffe.
Lo. What staffe Sir William Catesbie?
Ca. Why man a white staffe for my Lord Protector.
Lo. Why is King Edward dead?
Ca. Dead Louel, dead, & Richard our good Lord
Is made Protector of the sweet young Prince.
Oh for a staffe, where might I haue a staffe,
That I might first present it to his hand?
Sh. Now do I smell two Bishoprycks at least,
My sermon shall be pepperd sound for this.

Enter Mistresse Shoare weeping, Iockie following.

Ca. Why how now mistres Shoare? what, put finger in (the eye,
Nay then I see you haue some cause to crie.
Lo. I blame her not, her chiefest stay is gone,
The onely staffe, she had to leane vpon,
I see by her these tidings are to true.
Ian. I my Lord Louell, they are too true indeed,
Royall king Edward now hath breath'd his last,
The Queene turnd out, and euery friend put by,
None now admitted, but whom Richard please.
Lo. Why doubtlesse Richard wil be kind to you.
Ia. Ah my Lord Louell, God blesse me from his kindnes:
No sooner was the white staffe in his hand.
But finding me and the right woful Queene,
Sadly bemoning such a mighty losse:
Here is no place quoth he, you must be gone,
We haue other matters now to thinke vpon.
For you, (quoth he to me) and bit his lip,
And stroke me with his staffe, but said no more.

Whereby I know he meaneth me no good.

Cat. Well Mistresse Shore, its like to be a busie time,
Shift for your selfe, come lads let vs be gone,
Royall King Richard must be waite vpon.

Sh. Well mistres Shoare, if you haue need of me,
You shall command me to the vttermost.

Exeunt.

Ian. First let me die ere I do put my trust,
In any fliering Spaniel of you all.
Go Iockie, take downe all my hangings,
And quickly see my trunks be conuayde forth,
To mistres Blages, an Inne in Lombardstréete,
The Flower de *Luce*, god Iockie make some spéed,
She, she must be my refuge in this need.
Sée it doone quickly Iockie.

Exit.

Iock. Whickly quoth a? marie heres a whicke chaunge in deede, like whicke chaunge did I nere see before. Now dréame I, that ile be a very pure fellow, and hardly ha any siller to drinke with a gude fellow. But what stand I tatling here. I must go do my maistres bidding, carrie all her stuffe and geere to Mistres *Blages*, at the Flower de luce in Lombardstréet, whicke then dispatch.

Exit.

Enter Brakenburie, and *Floud*, to them the two young princes, Edward and *Richard*, Gloster, *Catesby*, Louell, and Tirill.

Bra. Come hither *Floud* let me heare thy opinion,
Thou knowest I build vpon thy confidence,
And honest dealing in my greatest affaires:
I haue receiued letters from the Duke,
Gloster I meane, Protector of the land,
Who gines in charge the Tower be preparde,
This night to entertaine the two young Princes,
It is my duety to obey I know,

But

But manifold supicion troubles me.
Flo. He is their vncle Sir, and in that sence,
Nature should warrant their securitie,
Next his deceased brother at his death,
To Richards care committed both the realme,
And their protection: where humanitie
Stands as an Orator to pleade against
All wrong suggestion of vnciuill thoughts:
Beside you are Lieuetenant of the Tower,
Say there should be any hurt pretended,
The priuiledge of your authoritie
Pries into euery corner of this house,
And what can then be done without your knowledge?
Br. Thou sayest true Floud, though Richard be Protector,
When once they are within the Tower limites,
The charge of them (vnlesse he derogate)
From this my office, which was neuer seene,
In any kings time; doth belong to me:
And ere that Brakenbury will consent,
Or suffer wrong be done vnto these babes,
His sword, and all the strength within the Tower
Shall be opposde against the proudest commer,
Be it to my soule as I intend to them.
Fl. And faith in me vnto this commonwealth,
And truth to men hath hitherto beene seene,
The Pylot that hath guided my liues course,
Though t'was my fortune to be wrongd in both:
And therefore Sir neither the mighties frowne,
Nor any bribes shall winne me otherwise.
Bra. Tis well resolued: still me thinks they should
Be safe enough with vs, and yet I feare.
But now no more, it seemes they are at hand.
Pr. Ed. Vncle what Gentleman is that? enter
Glost. It is (sweet Prince) Lieuetenant of the Tower.
Pr. Ed. Sir we are come to be your guests to night:
I pray you tell me did you euer know,

Our father Edward lodgde within this place,
Bra. Neuer to lodge (my liege) but oftentimes,
On other occasions I haue seene him here.
Ri. Brother last night when you did send for me,
My mother told me, hearing we should lodge
Within the Tower, that it was a prison,
And therefore marueld that my vncle Gloster,
Of all the houses for a kings receipt,
Within this Citie, had appointed none,
Where you might keep your court but only here.
Gl. Vile brats, how they do descant on ẏ Tower.
My gentle Nephew they were ill aduisde,
To tutor you with such vnfitting tearmes,
(Who ere they were) against this royall mansion:
What if some part of it hath beene reserued,
To be a prison for nobilitie?
Followes it therefore that it cannot serue,
To any other vse? Cesar himselfe
That built the same, within it kept his Court,
And many kings since him, the roomes are large,
The building stately, and for strength beside,
It is the safest and the surest hold you haue.
Pr. Ed. Vncle of Gloster, if you thinke it so,
Tis not for me to contradict your will,
We must allow it, and are well content.
Glo. On then a Gods name.
Pr. E. Yet before we go,
One question more with you M. Lieuetenant,
We like you well, and but we do perceiue,
More comfort in your lookes, then in these walles,
For all our vncle Glosters friendly speech,
Our hearts would be as heauie still as lead,
I pray you tell me, at which dore or gate
Was it my vncle Clarence did go in,
When he was sent a prisoner to this place?
Bra. At this my liege: why sighes your maiesty?

Pr.Ed. He went in here that here came back again,
But as God hath decréede, so lette it be,
Come brother shall we go?
Fish. Yes brother, any where with you. Exeunt.

Tirill pulles Catesby by the sleeue.

Tir. Sir were it best I did attende the Duke,
Or stay his leysure till his backe returne?
Cat. I pray you maister Tirill stay without,
It is not good you should be seene by day
Within the Towre, especially at this time,
Ile tell his honour of your beeing heere,
And you shall know his pleasure presentlie.
Tir. Euen so sir: men would be glad by any meanes,
To raise themselues, that haue beene ouerthrowne,
By fortunes scorne, and I am one of them.
Enter Duke of Glocester.

Here comes the Duke.
Gloc. Catesby, is this the man?
Cat. It is if like your excellence.
Gloce. Come neere.
Thy name I heare is Tirill, is it not?
Tir. Iames Tirill is my name, my gracious Lord.
Glo. Welcome, it should appeare that thou hast bin,
In better state then now it seemes thou art.
Tir. I haue bin by my fey my Lord, though now depresst,
And clouded ouer with aduersitie.
Glo. Be rulde by me, and then thou shalt rise again,
And proue more happie then thou euer wast,
There is but onely two degrees, by which
It shall be needfull for thee to ascend,
And that is faith and taciturnitie.
Tir. If euer I proue false vnto your grace,
Conuert your fauour to afflictions.
Glo. But canst thou too bee secret?

Tirill. Trie mee my Lord:
This tongue was neuer knowne to be a blab.
Glo. Thy countenance hath like a siluer key,
Opend the closet of my heart, reade there,
If scholler like thou canst expound those lines,
Thou art the man ordainde to serue my turne.
Tir. So farre as my capacitie will reach,
The sense my Lord is this, this night you say,
The two yong Princes both must suffer death.
G. Thou hast my meaning, wilt thou do it, speak?
Tirill. It shall bee doone.
Glo. Inough, come follow me,
For thy direction, and for gold to sée,
Such as must ayde thee in their Tragedy.

Enter mistris Blage and Iockie Loden.

Bla. Welcome good Iockie, what good newes bring you?
Iockie. Marrie maistres my gude maistres greetes ye maistres, and praies ye maistres til dight vppe her Chamber, for sheell lig we ye to night maistres. And heres her catte skinne till she come. Enter Iane.
Iane. Why how now loyterer? make ye no more haste?
When will my trunkes and all my stuffe bee brought,
If you thus loyter, go, make haste withall.
Iockie. Marie fall aye, ginne yéele be bud petient a while.
Exit.
Iane. Now gentle mistris Blage the onely friend,
That fortune leaues mee to relie vppon,
My counsels Closet and my Towre of strength,
To whom for safetie I rettre my selfe,
To be secure in these tempestuous times,
O smile on mee, and giue me gentle lookes,
If I be welcome, then with cheereful heart,
And willing hand shew mée true signes thereof.
Bla. Doubt yee of welcome Ladie to your friend?
Nay to your seruant, to your beadswoman,
To speake but truth, your bounties bondswoman:

Vse me, commande me, call my house your owne,
And all I haue sweete Ladie at your will.
Iane. Away with titles, lay by courtly tearmes,
The Case is altred now the King is dead,
And with his life my fauouring friendes are fled,
No Madam now, but as I was before,
Your faithfull kind companion, poore Iane Shoare.
Bla. I loude you then, and since, and euer shall,
You are the woman, though your fortunes fall,
You when my husbands lewde transgression
Of all our wealth had lost possession,
By forfaiture into his Highnes handes,
Got restitution of our goods and landes,
He fled, and died in Fraunce, to heale that harme.
You helpte me to thrée mannors in fee farme,
The worst of which cléeres threescore pound a yéere,
Haue I not reason then to hold yee deare?
Yes happe what will untill my life do end,
You are and shall be my best loued friend,
Iane. How if misfortune my follie do succéed.
Bl. Trust me true friēds bide touch in time of néed.
Ia. If want consume the wealth I had before.
Bl. My wealth is yours, & you shall spend my store,
Ia. But the protector prosecutes his hate,
Bl. With me line secret from the worlds debate,
Ia. You will be wearie of so badde a guest,
Bla. Then lette me neuer on the earth be blest.
Ia. Ah mistris Blague, you tender mee such loue,
As all my sorrowes from my soule remoue,
And though my portion bee not verie large,
Yet come I not to you to bee a charge,
Coyne, plate, and iewels prizde at lowest rate,
I bring with me to maintaine my estate,
Worth twentie thousand pound, and my array,
If you suruiue to see my dying day,
From you no pennie will I giue away.

Blage. And I thanke you that so my wealth increast,
Am worth I trow, tenne thousand poundes at least,
I thinke like two warme widdowes wee may liue,
Untill good fortune two good husbands giue,
For surely mistris Shoare your husbands dead,
When heard yee of him?
Iane. Neuer since hee fledde.
O mistris Blage, nowe putte you in my head
That kils my hart, why should I breath this aire,
Whose lost good name no treasure can repaire?
Oh were hee here with mee to leade his life,
Although hee neuer vide mee as a wife,
But as a drudge to spurne mee with his feete,
Yet should I thinke with him that life were sweete.
Bla. How can ye once conceit so base a thing,
That haue beene kist and cockerd by a king,
Weepe not, yee hurt your selfe by Gods blest mother,
Your husbands dead woman, thinke vpon another,
Let vs in to supper, drinke wine, cheere your heart,
And whilst I liue, be sure ile take your part.

Exit.

Enter Brakenburie, Shoare, Dighton, Forrest, Tirill.

Tir. Sir I assure you tis my Lord Protectors warrant.
Bra. My friend, I haue conferd it with his letters,
And tis his hand indeede, Ile not denie,
But blame mee not although I bee precise,
In matters that so neerely do concerne mee.
Dighton. My Lord protector, sir I make no doubt,
Dare iustifie his warrant, though perhaps,
He doth not nowe acquaint you why hee doth it.
Bra I thinke sir theres no subiect now in England,
Will vrge his grace, to shew what he dare do.
Nor will I aske him why hee does it,
I would I might, to ridde mee of my doubt. aside.
Forrest. Why Sir I thinke hee needes no president,

For

For what he does, I thinke his power is absolute enough.
Bra. I haue no power sir to examine it.
Nor will I do: I doe obey your warrant,
Which I will keepe for my securitie.
Tir. You shall do well in that sir.
Bra. Heres the keyes.
Sho. And yet I could wish my Lord protector,
Had sent his warrant thither by some other, aside.
I do not like their lookes I tell you true.
Bra. Nor I Flud I assure thee.
Forrest. What does that slaue mutter to his master?
Digh. I heare him say hee does not like our lookes?
Tir. Why not our lookes Sir?
Forrest. Sirra wee heare you.
Sho. I am glad you doe sir: all is one for that.
But if you did not hearken better now,
I neuer saw three faces in whose lookes,
Did euer sit more terror: or more death,
God blesse the princes if it bee his will,
I do not like these villaines.
Dighton. Zounds stab the villaine, sirra do you haue vs?
Sho. I thats your comming, for you come to stabbe.
Forrest. Stabbe him.
Shoare. Nay then ile stabbe with thee.
Tirill. Zbloud cutte his throate.
Braken. Hold Gentlemen I pray you.
Shoare. Sir I am hurt, stabb in the arme,
Braken. This is not to be iustified my friendes,
To draw your weapons here within the Towre,
And by the Lawe it is no lesse then death,
I cannot thinke the Duke will like of this,
I pray yee bee content, too much is doone.
Tir. He might haue held his peace then, and beene quiet.
Farewell, farewell.
Shoare. Hell and damnation follow murderers.
Bra. Goe Flud get thee some surgeon to look to thy wound,

Hast no acquaintance with some skillfull surgeon:
Keepe thy wound close, and let it not take aire.
And for my owne part, I will not stay heere.
Whither wilt thou Go that I may send to thee.
Sho. To one mistris Blages, an Inne in Gracious street,
There you shall finde mee, or shall heare of mee.
Braken. Sweete Princely babes, fare well I feare you sore,
I doubt these eies shall neuer see you more.

Enter the two yong Princes, Edward and Richard, in their gownes and cappes vnbuttond, and vntrust.

Richard. How does your Lordshippe?
Edward. Well good brother Richard, how does your self?
You told mee your head ake.
Richard. Indeede it does. my Lord feele with your hand how hotte it is.
He laies his hand on his brothers head.
Edward. Indeede you haue caught colde,
With sitting yester night to heare mee reade,
I pray thee goe to bedde, sweete Dicke poore little heart.
Richard. Youle giue me leaue to waite vpon your Lordship.
Edward. I had more neede brother to waite on you:
For you are sick, and so am not I.
Richard. O Lord, me thinks this going to our bed,
How like it is to going to our graue:
Edward. I pray thee do not speake of graues sweet heart,
Indeede thou frightst mee.
Ric. Why my Lord Brother, did not our Tutor teach vs,
That when at night we went vnto our bedde,
We still should thinke we went vnto our graue. (ought,
Ed. Yes thats true, that we should do as euerie christian
To bee preparde to die at euerie howre, but I am heauie.
Richard. Indeede and so am I.
Edward. Then let vs say our prayers and go to bedde.

They

They kneele, and solemne musicke the while within, the musicke ceaseth, and they rise.

Richard. What, bleeds your Grace?
Edward. I two drops and no more.
Richard. God blesse vs both, and I desire no more.
Edward. Brother see here what Dauid sayes, and so say I,
Lord in thee will I trust although I die.

As the yong *Princes* go out, enter Tirill.

Tirill. Go lay yée downe, but neuer more to rise,
I haue put my hand into the foulest murder,
That euer was committed since the world,
The verie senceless stones here in the walles,
Breake out in teares but to behold the fact,
Me thinkes the Bodies lying dead in graues,
Should rise and crie against vs, O hearke hearke, A noyse
The Mandrackes shreeks are musick to their cries, within
The verie night is frighted, and the starres,
Do drop like torches, to beholde this deede:
The verie Center of the earth doth shake,
Me thinks the Tower should rent downe from the top,
To let the heauen looke on this monstrous deede.

Enter at one doore Dighton, with Edward vnder his arme, at the other doore Forrest with *Richard*.

Dig. Stand further damned rogue, and come not néere me.
Forrest. Nay stand thou further villaine, stand aside.
Digh. Are we not both damned for this cursed deed.
Forre. Thou art the witnesse that thou bearst the King.
Dight. And what bearst thou?
For. It is too true, oh I am damnde indeede,
Hee lookes downe on the boy vnder his arme.
Tir. I am as deepe as you, although my hand
Did not the deede.

Dighton. O villaine, art thou there?
Forrest. A plague light on thee.
Tir. Curse not, a thousand plagues will light vpon vs all.
They lay them downe.
The priest here in the Towre will bury them,
Let vs away.

Enter mistris Blage and her two men, bringing in Shore alias Flud, in a chaire, his arme bleeding apace.

Blage. So, set him here awhile, where is more aire,
How cheere you sir, alacke hee doth beginne
To change his colour, where is mistris Shoare?
Gone to her Closet for a precious Balme,
The same shee said King Edward vse himselfe.
Bla. Alacke I feare heele die before shee come.
Runne quickly for some Rosa-solis, faint not Sir,
Be of good comfort, come good mistresse Shoare,
What haue you there?
Iane. Stand by and giue mee leaue.
Bla. Vnhappie me to lodge him in my house.
Iane. I warrant you woman, be not so afraide,
If not this blood-stone hang about his necke,
This balme will stanch it by the helpe of God:
Lift vp his arme whilst I do bathe his wound,
The signe belike was heere when hee was hurt,
Or else some principall and cheefe veine is pierst.
Bla. Howeuer sure the surgeon was a knaue,
That lookte no better to him at the first.
Ia. Blame him not mistris Blage, the best of them,
In such a case as this may bee to seeke.
Bla. Now God be blessed, see the Crimson blood,
That was precipitate, and falling downe
Into his arme, retires into his Face,
How fare you sir? how do you feele your selfe?
Sh. Oh wherefore haue you wakte me from my sleep?

And

And broke the quiet slumber I was in,
Me thought I sate in such a pleasant place,
So full of all delight as neuer eye
Beheld, nor heart of man could comprehend,
If you had let me go I felt no paine,
But being now reuok't my griefe reneiwes.
Ian. Giue him some *Rosa solis* mistres Blague,
And that will like wise animate the spirites,
And send alacritie vnto the heart,
That hath been strugling with the pangs of death.
Bla. Here Sir drink this, you need not feare it sir,
It is no hurt, see I will be your taster,
Then drinke I pray you.
Ian. Now fellowes raise his bodie from the chaire,
And gently let him walke a turne or two.
Bla. Good sooth mistres Shoare, I did not thinke till now
You had been such a cunning skilde Philitian.
Sho. Oh Mistres Blague, though I must needs confesse,
It would haue beene more welcome to my soule,
If I had dyed and beene remoude at last,
From the confused troubles of this world,
Whereof I haue sustained no meane waight,
Then lingring here be made a packhorse still
Of torments, in comparison of which
Death is but as the pricking of a thorne,
Yet I do thanke you for your taken paines,
And would to God I could requite your loue.
Bl. Sir I did you little good, what was done
Ascribe the benefite and praise thereof
Vnto this Gentlewoman, kind mistres Shoare,
Who next to God preserude your feeble life.
Sh. How? Mistresse Shoare good friends let go your hold,
My strength is now sufficient of it selfe.
Oh is it she that still prolongs my woe?
Was it ordainde not onely at the first,
She should be my destruction, but now twice,

When gracious destinies had brought about,
To end this weary pilgrimage of mine,
Must she and none but she prevent that good,
And stop my entrance to eternall blisse?
Oh lasting plague, oh endlesse sorrowe,
It now repents me double that I scap'te,
Since lifes made death, and lifes author hate.
Ia. Sir take my counsell and sit downe againe,
It is not good to be so bold of foot,
Upon the sudden till you have more strength.
Sho. Mistres I thanke you, and I care not much
If I be ruled by you. sits downe.
Oh God that she should pittie me unknowne,
That knowing me by her was overthrowne,
Or ignorantly she should regarde this smart, Enter
That heretofore spared not to stab my hart. Brakenb.
Bra. By your leave mistres Blague, I am somewhat bold,
Is there not a Gentleman within your house,
Cald M. Floud, came hither hurt last night?
Bla. Is his name Floud, I knew it not till now,
But here he is, and well recovered,
Thankes to this Gentlewoman mistres Shoare.
Br. Pardon me mistres Shoare, I saw you not,
And trust me I am sorie at the hart,
So good a creature as your selfe hath beene,
Should be so vilely dealt with as you are,
I promise you the world laments your case.
Ia. How meane you sir? I understand you not?
Lament my case, for what? for Edwards death?
I know that I have lost a gracious friend,
But that is not to be remedied now.
Bra. No mistres Shoare, it is for Richards hate,
That too much envies your prosperitie.
Ia. I know he loves me not and for that cause,
I have withdrawne me wholly from the Court.
Bra. You have not seene the Proclamation then?

Ia. The

Ia. The proclamation? no, what proclamation?
Bra. Oh Mistres Shore, the King in euery street
Of London, and in euery borough towne,
Throughout this land hath publikely proclaimde,
On paine of death that none shall harbour you,
Or giue you food or cloathes to kéep you warme,
But hauing first done shamefull penance here,
You shall be then thrust forth the Citie gates,
Into the naked cold forsaken field,
I fable not, I would to God I did,
Sée, heres the manner of it put in print,
Tis to be sold in euery Stationers shoppe,
Besides a number of them clapt on posts.
Where people crowding as they reade your fall,
Some murmure, and some sigh, but most of them,
Haue their relenting eyes eucn big with teares.
Ia. Gods will be done, I know my sinne is great,
And he that is omnipotent and iust,
Cannot but must reward me heauily.
Bra. It grieues me mistresse Shoare, it was my chaunce,
To be the first reporter of this newes.
Ia. Let it not grieue, I must haue heard of it,
And now as good, as at another time.
Bra. I pray ye mistresse *Blague* haue care of Floud,
And what his charge is I will see you paide. Exit
Ia. Farewell to all that still shall be my song,
Let men impose vpon me nere such wrong,
And this extremitie shall séeme the lesse,
In that I haue a friend to leane vnto,
Swéet mistres Blague, there were vpon the earth,
No comfort left for miserable Iane,
But that I do presume vpon your loue,
I know though tyrant Rychard had set downe,
A greater penaltie then is proclaimd,
Which cannot well be thought, yet in your house,
I should haue succour and release be side.

Bla. What, and so I should be a traitor, should I?
Is that the care you haue of me and mine?
I thanke you truely, no theres no such matter,
I loue you well, but loue my selfe better:
As long as you were held a true subiect,
I made account of you accordingly,
But being otherwise, I do reiect you,
And will not cherish my kings enemie:
You know the danger of the Proclamation:
I would to God you would depart my house.
Ia. When was it euer séene Iane Shore was false
Eyther vnto her countrey, or her king?
And therefore tis not well good mistres Blague,
That you vpbraid me with a traitors name.
Bl. I, but you haue béene a wicked liuer,
And now you sée what tis to be vnchaste,
You should haue kept you wō your honest husband,
T was neuer other like but that such filthinesse,
Would haue a foule and detestable end.
Ia. Time was that you did tell me otherwise,
And studied how to set a glosse on that
Which now you say is vgly and deformde.
Bla. I told you then as then the time did serue,
And more in déed to trie your disposition,
Then any way to incourage you to sinne:
But when I saw you were ambitious,
And faintly stood on tearmes of modestie,
I left you to your owne arbiterment:
Can you denie it was not so? how say you?
Ia. We will not mistres Blague dispute of that,
But now in charitie and womanhood,
Let me find fauour if it be but this,
That in some barne or stable I may shrowde,
Till otherwise I be prouided for.
Bla. I pray you do not vrge me mistres Shore,
I will not haue my house indangered so.

Ia. M

Oh you did promise I should neuer want.
And that your house was mine, and swore ẏ same,
To keepe your oath be then compassionate.
Bla. So you did sweare you would be true to Shore,
But you were not so good as your word,
My oaths dispensd with by the kings command
Ian. Yet me let haue those iewels & that money,
Which is within my trunkes.
Bla. I know of none:
If there be any, ile be so bold,
As keepe it for your dyet and your mans,
It is no little charge I haue beene at,
To feede your dainty toth, since you came hither,
Beside houserome, I am sure is somewhat worth.
Sho. Ah Iane I cannot chuse but pittie thee,
Heers the first step to thy deep miserie.
Ia. Oh that my graue had then been made my house,
When either first I went vnto the Court,
Or from the Court returnd vnto this place.
Enter two Apparators.
Ser. How now, what are you: it had been maners
You should haue knockt before you had come in.
1. Ap. We are the Bishops Parators my friend,
And mistres Shore our errand is to you.
This day it is commanded by the king,
You must be stript out of your rich attire,
And in a white sheete go from Temple barre,
Untill you come to Aldgate, bare footed,
Your haire about your eares, and in your hand,
A burning taper, therefore go with vs.
Ian. Euen when and whither you will, & would to God,
The king as soone could ridde my soule of sinne,
As he may strip my bodie of these ragges.
2. Ap. That would be soone enough, but come away,
And Mistresse *Blague* youle hardly answere it,
When it is knowne we found her in your house,

1. Ap. It séemes you do not feare to harbour her.
Bla. I harbor her? out on her strumpet queane,
She preest vpon me where I would or no:
Ile sée her hangd ere I will harbour her.
So now her iewels and her gold is mine,
And I am made at least foure thousand pound,
Wealthier by this match then I was before:
And what can be obiected for the same,
That once I lou de her: well perhaps I did,
And women all are gouernd by the Mone,
But now I am of another humour,
Which is you know a Planet that will chaunge.
Cat. Now M. Sheriffe of London do your office,
Attach this rebell to his Maiestie,
And hauing stript her to her petticoate,
Turne her out a dores, with this condition,
That no man harbour her, that durst presume
To harbor that lewd curtizan Shores wife,
Against the strait commandment of the king.
Bla. I beséech you Sir.
Cat. Away with her I say.
The while ile seaze vpon her house and goods,
Which wholly are confiscate to the king. Exit.
Sho. Oh what haue I beheld, were I as young,
As when I came to London to be prentice,
This pageant were sufficient to instruct,
And teach me euer after to be wise.
First haue I séene desert of wantonnesse,
And breach of wedlocke: then of flatterie,
Next of dissembling loue, and last of all,
The ruine of base catching auarice:
But poore Iane Shore in that I lou'd thée once,
And was thy husband I must pittie thée,
The sparkes of old affection long ago,
Rakte vp in ashes of displeasure kindle,
And in this furnace of aduersitie,

The

The world shall see a husbands loyaltie. Exit.

Enter Doctor Shaw pensiuely reading on his booke, after him followes the Ghost of *Frier* Anselme, with a lighted torch.

Sha. Spuria vitulamina non agent radices altas,
Bastardly slips haue alwaies slender growth.
Ah Shaw, this was the cursed theame,
That at Pauls crosse thou madest thy sermon of,
To proue the lawfull issue of thy king,
Got out of wedlocke, illegitimate.
Ah Duke of Gloster this didst thou procure.
Did Richard (villaine) no it was thy fault,
Thou wouldst be worne to such a damned déed,
Which now to thinke on makes my soule to bléed.
Ah Fryer Anselme, sleepe among the blest,
Thy prophesie thus falsely did I wrest.

Enter Anselme.

An. Thou didst, and be thou damnde therefore,
Here come thy soule where blessednesse abides,
Didst thou not know the letter G. was Gloster?
Sh. Anselme I did.
An. Why then didst thou affirme,
That it was meant by George the Duke of Clarence,
That honourable harmelesse Gentleman,
Whose thoughts all innocent as any child,
Yet came through thee to such a luckless death.
Sha. I was inforced by the Duke of Gloster.
An. Enforst sayst thou? wouldst thou then be enforst,
Being a man of thy profession,
To sinne so vilely, and with thine owne mouth,
To damne thy soule? No thou wast not enforc'd,
But gaine and hope of high promotion
Pyrde thée thereto, say was it so or no?
Sha. It did, it did.
An. Why then record in thy blacke hellish thoughts,

How many mischieſes hath enſude hereon?
First, wronged Clarence drowned in the Tower,
Next, Edwards children murdred in the Tower:
This day at Pomfret noble Gentlemen,
Thée the Queenes kinred, loſe their harmeleſſe heads
Thinkſt thou that here this flood of miſchiefe ſtayes?
No villaine, many are markt to the blocke,
And they the neareſt, thinke them furtheſt off,
Euen Buckingham, creator of that King,
Shall he to woe and wretched ending bring.
All this (accurſed man) hath come by thée,
And thy falſe wreſting of my prophecie,
For Englands good diſcloſed to thy truſt,
And ſo it had béene, hadſt thou proued iuſt.
But thou and every one that had a hand,
In that moſt woful murther of the Princes,
To fatall ends you are appointed all.
Here in thy ſtudie ſhalt thou ſtarue thy ſelfe,
And from this houre not taſte one bit of food,
The reſt ſhall after follow on a row,
To all their deathes, vengeance will not be ſlowe.

Enter a meſſenger to Shaw.

Meſ. Where is M. Doctor Shaw?
Sh. Here friend, what is thy will with me?
Me. B. Richard praies ye to come to him ſtraite,
For he would be confeſt.
Sh. I cannot come, I pray thée take that Frier,
For he can do it better farre then I.
Meſ. A Fryer M. Doctor? I ſée none.
Sh. Doeſt thou not? no, thy vntainted ſoule
Cannot diſcerne the horrors that I do.
An. Shaw, go with him, & tell that tirant Richard,
He hath but thrée yeares limited for life,
And then a ſhameful death takes hold on him,

That done, returne, and in thy studie ende
Thy loathed life that dost vs all offend.
Sha. With all my heart, would it were ended now,
So it were done, I care not where nor how. *Exeunt.*

Enter the two Parators, with mistris Shoare in a white Sheete, bare footed, with her haire about her eares, and in her hand a waxe taper.

1 Par. Now mistris Shoare, here our commission ends,
Put off your roabe of shame, for this is Algate,
Whither it was appoynted we should bring you.
Ia. My roabe of shame? Oh that so foule a name
Should be applyed vnto so faire a garment,
Which is no more to bee condemnde of shame,
Then snow of putrefaction is deserude,
To couer an infectious heape of dung,
My roabe of shame, but not my shame putte off,
For that sits branded on my forehead still,
And therefore in derision was I wrapt,
In this white Sheete: and in derision bore
This burning Taper, to expresse my follie,
That hauing light of reason to direct mee,
Delighted yet in by-waies of darke error.
2 p. Well mistris Shore, I hope you grudge not vs,
We shewde you all the fauour poore men could.
Ia. Oh God forbid: I know the kings Edict,
Set you a worke, and not your owne desires.
1 par I truely mistris, and for our parts,
We could be well content twere other wise,
But that the lawes seuere, & so wee leaue you. Exit.
Iane. Farewell vnto you both: and London too,
Farewell to thee, where first I was intitde,
That scandalizd: thy dignitie with shame,
But now thou hast returnde me treble blame,
My tongue that gaue consent inioynde to beg:

Mine eies adiudge to hourely laments,
Mine armes for their imbracings, catch the aire,
And these quicke nimble feete that were so readie
To step into a Kings forbidden bedde,
London thy flints haue punisht for their pride,
And thou hast drunke their blood for thy reuenge,
What now amazes to thinke what I haue beene,
Then welcome nakednes and pouertie,
Welcome contempt, welcome you barren fields,
Welcome the lacke of meate, and lacke of friends,
And wretched Iane, according to thy state,
Sit heere, sit heere, and lower if might be,
All things that breathe in their extremitie,
Haue some recourse of succor, thou hast none,
The child offended flies vnto the mother,
The Souldiour struckte, retires vnto his Captaine,
The fish distressed, slides into the riuer,
Birdes of the aire do flie vnto their dammes,
And vnderneath their wings are quickly shrouded,
Nay, beate the spaniell, and his maister mones him,
But I haue neither where to shrowde my selfe,
Nor any one to make my mone vnto,
Come patience then, and though my bodie pine,
Make then a banquet to refresh my soule,
Let hearts deepe throbbing sighes be all my bread,
My drinke salt teares my guests repentant thoughts,
That who so knew me, and dooth see me now,
May shunne by me the breach of wedlocks vow.

Enter Brakenburie with a prayer booke, and some releefe in a cloath for mistris Shoare.

Bra. Oh God how full of daungers growes these times,
And no assurance seene in anie state,
No man can say that hee is maister nowe,

Of any thing is his, such is the tide
Of sharpe disturbance running through the land,
I haue giuen ouer my office in the Tower,
Because I cannot brooke their vile complots,
Nor smother such outragious villanies:
But mistris Shoare, to be so basely wrongde,
And vildly vsde, that hath so well deserude,
It doth afflict mee in the verie soule,
She saude my kinsman, Harrie Stranguidge life,
Therefore in dutie am I bound to her,
To do what good I may, though law forbidde,
Yée where she sits, God comfort thee good soule,
First take that to reléeue thy bodie with,
And next, receiue this booke, wherein is foode,
Manna of heauen to refresh thy soule:
These holy meditations mistris Shoare,
Will yéeld much comfort in this miserie,
Whereon contemplate still, and neuer linne,
That God may be vnmindfull of thy sinne.

Iane. Maister Lieutenant, in my heart I thank ye,
For this kind comfort to a wretched soule:
Welcome swéete prayer-booke, foode of my life,
The soueraigne balme for my sicke conscience:
Thou shalt bee my soule pleasure and delight,
To wipe my sinnes out of Iehouaes sight.

B. Do so good mistris Shoare, now I must leaue ye,
Because some other businesse calles me hence,
And God I pray regard your penitence. Exit.

Ia. Farewell sir Robert, and for this good to mee,
The God of heauen bee mindfull still of thée.

As she sits weeping & praying, enters at one door: yong M. Aire, and old Rufford at another.

Aire. This way she went, and cannot be farre off,
For but euen now I met the officers,

That were attendant on her in her penance,
Ponder thee sits, now then Aire shewe thy selfe,
Thankfull to her, that sometime saude thy life,
When Lato had made thee subject to base death,
Give her thy purse, for here comes some Ladie,
Stand by a while, for feare thou be discouered.
Ruf. What mistris Shoare, king Edwards concubine,
Set on a mole-hil, oh disparagement.
A throne were fitter for your Ladishippe,
Fie will you slubber these faire cheekes with teares?
Or sit so solitarie, where's all your seruants?
Where is your gowne of silke, your periwigges,
Your fine rebatoes, and your costly Iewels,
What not so much as a shooe vppon your foote,
Nay then I see the world goes hard with whoores.
Aire. The villaine slaue gibes at her miserie.
Ruf. Now whether is it better to bee in court,
And there to begge a licence of the king,
For transportation of commodities,
Then here to sit forsaken as thou dooſt,
I thinke vpon condition Edward liude,
And thou were still in fauour as before,
Thou wouldst not say that Rufford had deserude,
To haue his eares rent for a worser suite.
Then licence to shippe ouer corne and lead,
What not a word, faith wench ile tell thee what,
If thou dost thinke thy old trade out of date,
Go learne to play the bawde another while.
Ai. Inhumane wretch, why dost thou scorne her so,
And vex her grieued soule with bitter taunts?
Ruf. Because I will, shée is a curtisan,
And one abhorred of the world for lust.
Aire. If all thy faults were in thy forehead writ,
Perhaps thou wouldst thy selfe appeare no lesse,
But much more horrible then she doth now.
Ruf. You are no iudge of mine sir.

Aire. Why not thou of her.
R. The world hath iudgde, and found her guilty,
And tis the kings command she be held odious.
Ai. The King of heauen commandeth otherwise,
And if thou be not willing to reléeue her,
Let it suffize thou séest her miserable,
And studie not to amplifie her griefe.

Enter mistresse Blage verie poorely a begging, with her basket and clap-dish.

What other woful spectacle comes heere?
Mistresse take that and spende it for my sake.
When Rufford lookes away, Aire throwes his purse, to mistris Shoare.
Bla. Oh I am pinchte with more then common want,
Where shall I finde reléefe? Good Gentlemen,
Pittie a wretched woman, like to starue,
And I will pray for yée. One halfepenie
For Christs sake, to comfort mee withall.
Ruf. What mistris Blage, ist you? no marualle sure,
But you should be releeude, a halfe penie quotha?
I marie sir, and so bée hangde my selfe,
Not I, this Gentleman may if he please,
Get ye to your companion mistresse Shoare,
And then there is a paire of queanes well met,
Now I bethinke mee, Ile go to the king,
And tell him that some will reléeue Shoares wife,
Except some officer there bee appoynted,
That carefully regardes it be not so.
Thereof my selfe will I make offer to him,
Which questionlesse hee cannot but accept,
So shal I stil pursue Shoares wife with hate,
That scorned mée in her high whoores estate. *Exit.*
Bla. God Gentleman bestow your Charitie,
One single halfpenie to helpe my neede.
Aire. Not one, were I the maister of a mint,

What? succour thee that didst betray thy friend?
See where she sits, whom thou didst scorne indeed,
And therefore rightly art thou scorude againe:
Thou thoughtst to beene riched with her goods.
But thou hast now lost both thy owne and hers,
And for my part, knew I twould saue thy life,
Thou shouldst not get so much as a crum of bread,
Packe counterfeit, packe away dissembling drab.
Bla. Oh miserie, but shall I stay to looke
Her in the face, whom I so much haue wrongde?
Ia. Yes mistris Blage, I freely pardon you,
You haue done mee no wrong, come sit by mee:
Twas so in wealth, why not in pouertie?
Bla. Oh willingly, if you can brooke her presence,
Whom you haue greater reason to despise.
Ia. Why woman, Richard that hath banisht me,
And seekes my ruine (causelesse though it bee)
Do I in heart pray for, and will do still,
Come thou & share with me what God hath sent,
A stranger gaue it mee, and parte thereof
I do as freely nowe bestow on you.
Bla. I thanke you mistris Shoare, this curtesie
Renewes the griefe of my inconstancie.

Enter maister Shoare with releefe for his wife.

Sho. Yonder shee sits, how like a withered tree,
That is in winter leauelesse and bereft
Of liuely sappe, sits shee poore abiect soule,
How much vnlike the woman is shee now,
She was but yesterday: so short and brittle
Is this worlds happines: but who is that,
False mistris Blague? how canst thou brooke her Iane?
I thou wast alwaies milde and pittifull,
Oh hadst thou beene as chaste, we had béene blest,
But now no more of that: shee shall not starue,
So long as this, and such as this may serue,

Here

Here mistris Shoare, feed on these homely Cates,
And there is wine to drive them downe withall.
Ia. Good sir your name, that pitties poore Jane Shore,
That in my prayers I may remember you.
Sho. No matter for my name, I am a friend,
That loues you well, so farewell mistris Shoare,
When that is spent, I vow to bring you more.
Ia. Gods blessing bee your guide where ere you go,
Thus mistris Blague you see amidst our woe,
For all the world can doe, God sends releese,
And will not yet wee perish in our griefe:
Come let vs steppe into some secret place.
Bla. Tis not amisse if you bee so content,
For here the fieldes too open and frequent. Exeunt.
Where vndisturbde we may partake this grace.

Maister Shoare enters againe.

Sho. What is shee gone so soone? alacke poore Jane,
How I compassionate thy woefull case?
Whereas wee liude together man and wife,
Oft on an humble stoole by the fire side,
Hate she contented, when as my high heate,
Would chide her for it. But what would shee say?
Husband, we both must lower sitte one day,
When I dare sweare shee neuer dreamd of this,
But fie good God what prophesying is.

Enter Rufford and Fogge, with the counterfeit Letters Pattents, Shore stands aside.

Ruff. This is King Richards hand, I knowe it wel,
And this of thine is iustly counterfeit,
As hee himselfe would sweare it were his owne.
Shoare. The kings hand counterfeit? lill more of that.
Rufford. Why euerie letter, euerie little dash,
In all respects alike, nowe may I vse,
My transportation of my corne and Hydes,
Without the danger of forbidding lawe,

And so I would haue done in Edwardes dayes,
But that good mistresse Shoare did please to crosse mee,
But marke how now I will requite her for it.
I mo oude my suite, and plainely tolde the king,
Some would releeue her, if no man had charge,
To see seuerely to the contrarie.
Forthwith his Grace appoynted mee the man,
And gaue mee officers to waite vppon mee,
Which will so countenance thy cunning worke,
As I shall no way be suspected in it: how sayst thou Fogge?
Fogge. It will do well indeede:
But good sir haue a care in any case,
For else you know what harme may come thereon.
Ruff. A care saist thou? why man, I will not trust
My house, my strongest locks, nor any place,
But mine owne bosome, there will I keepe it still,
If I miscarrie, so dooth it with mee.
Shoare. Are yee so cunning sir, I say no more,
Iane Shoare or I may quittance you for this. Exit
Ruff. Well Fogge I haue contented thee,
Thou maist be gone, I must about my charge,
To see that none releeue Shoares wife with ought. Exit

Enter the Officers with billes.

Come on good fellowes, you that must attende,
King Richards seruice vnder my commaund,
Your charge is to be verie vigilant,
Ouer that strumpet whome they call Shoares wife:
If any traitour giue her but a mite,
A draught of water, or a crust of bread,
Or any other foode what ere it bee,
Lay holde on him, for it is present d[illegible]th,
By good King Richards proclamation,
This is her haunt, heere stand I Sentinell,
Keepe you vnseene, and aide mee when I call.

Enter

Enter Iockie and Ieffrey, with a bottle of Ale, Cheese, & halfepenny loaues, to play at bowles, mistres Shore enters and sits where she was wont.

Iock. Now must I vnder colour of playing at bowles, helpe till relieue my gude maistres, maistres Shore. Come Ieffrey, we will play fiue vp for this bottle of Ale, and yonder gude pure woman shall keepe the stakes, this cheese shall be the measter.

They play still toward her, and Iockie often breakes bread and cheese, and giues her, till Ieffrey being calde away, then he giues her all, and is apprehended.

Ruf. Here is a villaine, that will not relieue her,
But yet héele loose his bowls, that way to help her.
Apprehend him fellowes when I bid ye:
Although his mate be gone, he shall pay for it.
Take him, and let the Beadles whip him well.

Iock. Heare ye sir, shall they be whipt and hangd that giue to the pure, then they shall bee damne that take fro the pure.

They lead him away.

Enter young Ayre againe, and Shoare stands aloofe off.

Aire. Oh yonder sits the swéet forsaken soule,
To whom for euer I stand deepely bound:
She sau'de my life, then Ayre help to saue hers.

Ruf. Whither go ye Sir?
You come to giue this strumpet some reliefe.

Air. She did more good then euer thou canst doe,
And if thou wilt not pittie her thy selfe,
Giue others leaue, by dutie bound thereto:
Here mistres Shore, take this, and would to God
It were so much as my pore hart could wish.

He giues her his purse.

Sur. [illegible]
[illegible]
Ruf. [illegible]
Ar. [illegible]
[illegible] of gold,
[illegible]
Ruf. [illegible]
Ar. [illegible] to call me.
Ruf. [illegible]
Ar. [illegible] with this.
He [illegible], but is apprehended,
Ruf. [illegible]
[illegible]
Ar. [illegible]
Sho. [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
I cannot give her as she will deserves,
For she hath lost a greater benefite.
Poor woman take that purse.
Ruf. Ile take away.
Sho. You shall not sour, for I will answere it,
Before the king if you inforce it so.
Ruf. It must be so, you shall unto the king.
Sh. You will be he will first repent the thing:
Come M. Ayre ile beare ye companie,
Which wise men say doth ease calamitie, Exeunt.
Ia. If griefe to speech free passage could afford,
Or for ech woe I had a fitting word,
I might complaine, or if my floods of teares,
Could moue remorse of minds, or pearce dul eares,
Or wash away my cares, or cleanse my crime:
With words & teares I would bewaile the time.

But

But it is bootlesse, why liue I to see,
All those dispised that do pittie me.
Dispisde? alas, destroyed, and led to death,
That gaue me alms here to prolong my breath.
Faire Dames behold, let my example proue,
There is no loue like to a husbands loue.

Exit.

Enter K. Richard, Louell, Catesbie, Rufford, Shore, & Aire pinioned, and led betwixt two Officers.

Glo. Now tell vs Rufford which of these it is,
That in the heate of his vpheaued spleene,
Contemnes our crowne, disdaines our dignitie,
And armes himselfe against authoritie.
Ru. Both haue offended my dread Soueraigne,
Though not alike, yet both faults capitall,
These lines declare what, when, & where it was.
Glo. Which is that Aire?
Ruf. This young man my Liege.
Glo. I thought it was some hot distempred blood,
That fiered his goddie braine with businesse:
Is thy name Ayer?
Air. It is
Glo. This paper sayes so.
Air. Verily may he that made that paper speake.
Gl. Ha? Dost thou wish confusion vnto vs?
This paper is the Organe of our power,
And shall pronounce thy condemnation,
We make it speake thy treasons to thy face,
And thy malicious tongue speakes treason still.
Reliest thou Shores wife in contempt of vs?
Air. No but her iust desert,
She saude my life, which I had forfeyted,
Whereby my goods and life she merited.
Glo. And thou shalt pay it in the selfe same place,

Where thou this man our Officer didst out face,
And scorndst vs saying if we stoode by,
Thou wouldst relieue her.
Ay. I do not deny,
For want of food her breath was neere expirde,
I gaue her meanes to buy it vndesir'de,
And rather chuse to die for charitie,
Then liue condemned of ingratitude.
Gl. Your good deuotion brings you to the gallows,
He hath his sentence, Rufford see him hangd.
They leade out Aire.
Now sir your name?
Sho. Is it not written there?
Glo. Heres Mathew Floud.
Ruf. That is his name my Lord.
Glo. Is thy name Floud?
Sho. So M. Rufford sayes.
Glo. Floud and Ayre? the elements conspire,
In ayre and water to confound our power:
Didst thou relieue that hatefull wretch Shores wife?
Sho. I did relieue that wofull wretch Shores wife.
Gl. Thou seemst a man well staid and temperate,
Durst thou infringe our proclamation?
Sho. I did not breake it.
Ruf. Yes, and added more,
That you would answere it before the king.
Sh. And added more, you would repent the thing.
Ru. Who, I? his Highnes knowes my innocence,
And ready seruice with my goods and life,
Answere thy treasons to his maiestie.
Glo. What canst thou say Floud why thou shouldst not die?
Sho. Nothing, for I am mortall and must die.
When my time comes, but that I thinkes not yet,
Although (God knowes) ech houre I wish it were,
So full of dolor is my weary life:
Now say I this, that I do know the man,

Which

Which doth abette that traiterous libeller,
Who did compose & spread that slanderous rime,
Which scandals you, and doth abuse the time.
Glo. What libeller? another Collingborne?
That wrote: The Cat, the *Rat*, & Louell our *Dog*,
Do rule all England vnder a Hog.
Canst thou repeate it Floud?
Sho. I thinke I can if you command me so.
Glo. We do command thée.
Sho. In this sort it goes:
The crook backt Boare the way hath found,
To root our *Roses* from our ground,
Both flower and bud will he confound,
Till King of beasts the swine be crownd:
And then the Dog, the Cat, and Rat,
Shall in his trough feed and be fat.
Finis quoth M. *Fogge*, chiefe secretary and counsellor to M. *Rufford*.
Glo. How sayest thou Floud, doth Rufford foster this?
Sho. He is a traitor if he do my Lord.
Ruf. I foster it? dread Lord I aske no grace,
If I be guiltie of this libelling,
Vouchsafe me iustice as you are my Prince,
Against this traitor that accuseth me.
Sh. What iustice crau'st thou? I wil combat thée,
In signe whereof I do vnbutton me,
And in my shirt my challenge will maintaine,
Thou cal'st me traitor, I will proue thée one,
Open thy bosome like me if thou darest:
Ruf. I will not be so rude before his grace.
Sh. Thou wilt not ope the packe of thy disgrace,
Because thy doublets stuft with traiterous libels.
Gl. Catesby teare off the buttons from his breast,
What findst thou there?
Cat. Your Highnes hand and seale,
For transportation of Hydes, Corne and Leade.

 Glo. Traitor

Glo. Traitor, did I signe that commission?
Ruf. O pardon me most royall king.
Glo. Pardon? to counterfet my hand and seale?
Haue I bestowed such loue, such countenance?
Such trust on thée, and such authoritie,
To haue my hand and signet counterfet?
To carrie Corne the food of all the land,
And Leade, which after might annoy the land,
And Hydes, whose leather must relieue the land,
To strangers enemies vnto the land:
Didst thou so néerely counterfet my hand?
Ruf. Not I my liege, but Fogge the Atturney.
Glo. Away with him Louell and Catesbie, go,
Command the Sheriffes of London presently,
To sée him drawne, and hangd, and quartered,
Let them not drinke before they sée him dead.
Haste you againe.

Louel and Catesb. leade out Rufford.

Ruf. Well Floud thou art my death,
I might haue liu'de t'haue séene thée lose thy head.
Sho. Thou hast but iustice for thy crueltie,
Against the guiltlesse soules in miserie,
I aske no fauour if I merit death.
Glo. Crau st thou no fauour? then I tell thée Floud,
Thou art a traitor breaking our Edict,
By succouring that traitrous queane Shores wife.
And thou shalt die.
Sho. If I haue broke the law.
Gl. If traitor? didst thou not giue her thy purse?
And doest thou not maintaine the déede?

Enter Loueli and Cat. againe.

Sho. I do, if it be death to the relenting hart,
Of a kind husband, wronged by a king,
To pittie his poore weake seduced wife,
Whom all the world must suffer by command,
To pine and perish for the want of food:

If it be treason for her husband then,
In the deare bowels of his former loue,
To bury his owne wrong and her misdeed,
And giue her meate whom he was wont to feede,
Then Shore must die, for Floud is not my name,
Though once I toke it to conceale my shame,
Pittie permits not iniured Shore passe by,
And see his once loude wife with famine die.

Glo. Louell and Catesbie, this is Shore indeed,
Shore, we confesse that thou hast priuiledge,
And art excepted in our Proclamation,
Because thou art her husband whom it concernes,
And thou mayest lawfully relieue thy wife,
Vpon condition thou forgiue her fault,
Take her againe; and vse her as before,
Hazard new hornes, how sayest thou, wilt thou Shore?

Sho. If any but your Grace should so vpbraid,
Such rude reproch should roughly be repaid.
Suppose for treason that she lay condemnd,
Might I not feede her till her houre of death,
And yet my selfe no traitor for it?

Glo. Thou mightst.

Sh. And why not now (O pardon me dread Lord)
When she hath had both punishment and shame
Sufficient, since a King did cause her blame,
May I not giue her food to saue her life,
Yet neuer take and vse her as my wife?

Glo. Except thou take her home againe to thee,
Thou art a stranger, and it shall not be,
For if thou do expect what doth belong.

Sho. I neuer can forget so great a wrong.

Glo. Then neuer feed her whom thou canst not loue.

Sho. My charitie doth that compassion moue.

Gl. Moue vs no more, Louel let Aire be hangd,
Just in the place where he relieud Shores wife:
Shore hath his pardon for this first offence.

The name of husband pleades his innocence,
Away with them: Catesbie come you with vs?
Exeunt.

Iockie is led to whipping ouer the stage, speaking some wordes, but of no importance. Then is young Ayre brought forth to execution, with the Sheriffe and Officers, Mistres Shoare weeping, and M. Shoare standing by.

Ayre. Good mistres Shore, grieue me not with your tears,
But let me go in quiet to mine end.
Ia. Alas poore soule,
Alas neuer innocent thus put to death.
Air. The more my ioy, that I am innocent,
My death is the lesse grieuous, I am so.
Ia. Ah M. Aire the time hath béene ere now,
When I haue kneéld to Edward on my knées,
And begd for him, that now doth make me beg.
I haue giuen him, when he hath begd of me,
Though he forbids to giue me when I beg,
I haue ere now relieued him and his,
Though he and his deny reliefe to me:
Had I béene enuious then, as Richard now,
I had not sauu'd, nor *Edwards* sons bin murdred,
Nor *Richard* liu'de to put you now to death.
Air. The more Iane is thy vertue and his sinne.
Sher. Come Sir dispatch.
Air. Dispatch say you? dispatch you may it call,
He cannot stay when death dispatcheth all.
Ia. Lord, is my sinne so horrible and grieuous,
That I should now become a murderer?
I haue sau'de the life of many a man condemnd,
But neuer was the death of man before.
That any man thus for my sake should die,
Afflicts me more then all my miserie.
Air. Iane be content,

I am

I am as much indebted vnto thee,
As vnto nature, I owed thee a life,
When it was forfeit vnto death by lawe,
Thou begdst it of the king and gaust it me:
This house of flesh wherein this soule doth dwell,
Is thine, and thou art Landlade of it,
And this poore life a Tenant but at pleasure,
It neuer came to pay the rent till now,
But hath runne in arrerage all this while,
And now for verie shame comes to discharge it,
When death distraines for what is but thy due,
I had not ought thee so much as I doe,
But by thy onely mercie to preserue it,
Untill I loose it for my charitie.
Thou giu st me more then euer I can pay,
Then do thy pleasure executioner,
And now farewel kind vertuous mistresse Shoare,
In heauen weele meete againe, in earth no more.

Here he is executed.

Ia. Farewel, farewel, thou for thy almes dost die,
And I must end here starude in miserie,
In life my friend, in death ile not forsake thee,
Thou goest to heauen, I hope to ouertake thee.

Shoare. Oh world what art thou? man, euen from his birth,
Findes nothing else but miserie on earth,
Thou neuer (World) scorn dst mee so much before,
But I (vaine world) doo hate thee tenne times more.
I am glad I feele approaching death so me,
World thou hatest mee, I thee vaine worlde defie.
I pray yee yet good maister officers,
Do but this kindnesse to poore wretched soules,
As let vs haue the buriall of our friende,
It is but so much labour saude for you.

She. There take his bodie, burie it where you wil,
So it be quickly doone out of the way.

Exit Sherife and Officers.

Iane. Whats he that begges the burial of my husband,
And hath so oft entimes releeued mee?
Ah gentle sir, to comfort my sadde woe,
Let mee that good kinde man of mercie know.
Sho. Ah Iane, now there is none but thou and I,
Looke on mee well, knowest thou thy Ma. Shoare?
Ia. My Husband? then breake and liue no more.
She swounds, and he supports her in his armes.
Sho. Ah my deere Iane, comfort thy heauie soule,
Goe not away so soone, a little stay,
A little, little while, that thou and I,
Like man and wife may here together die.
Iane. How can I looke vpon my husbands face,
That shamde my selfe, and wrought his deep disgrace?
Sho. Iane bee content, our wors are now alike,
With one selfe rod thou seest God doth vs strike,
If for thy sinne, ile pray to heauen for thee,
And if for mine, doe thou as much for mee.
Iane. Ah Shoare, tis possible thou canst forgiue mee?
Shoare. Yes Iane, I doe.
Iane. I cannot hope thou wilt:
My faults so great that I cannot expect it.
Sho. Ifaith I doo, as freely from my soule,
As at Gods hands I hope to bee forgiuen.
Ia. Then God reward thee, for wee now must part,
I feele cold death doth seize vppon my heart.
Sho. And hee is come to mee, heere hee lies,
I feele him readie to close vp mine eies,
Lend mee thy hand to burie this our friend,
And then wee both will hasten to our end.

Heere they putte the bodie of yong Aire into a Coffin, and then hee sits downe on the one side of it, and shee on the other.

Iane sit thou there, heere I my place will haue,

Giue mee thy hand, thus wee embrace our graue,
Ah Iane, he that the depth of woe will see,
Let him but now beholde our misery.
But be content, this is the best of all,
Lower then now we are, wee cannot fall.
Iane. Ah, I am faint, how happy Ayre art thou,
Not feeling that which doth afflict vs now:
Sho. Oh happie graue, to vs this comfort giuing,
Heere lies two liuing dead, here one dead liuing,
Here for his sake, loe this we doe for thée,
Thou lookste for one, and art possest of three.
Ia. Oh dying marriage, oh swéte married death.
Thou graue which only thouldst part faithful friends,
Bringst vs together, and dost ioyne our handes,
Oh liuing death, euen in this dying life,
Yet ere I go, once Mathew kisse thy wife.

He kisses her, and shee dies.

S. Ah my swéte Iane, farewell, farewel poore soule,
Now tyrant Richard doo the worst thou canst,
She doth defie thee, oh vnconstant world,
Here lies a true Anatomie of thee,
A king had all my loye, that her inloyde,
And by a king againe thee was destroyde:
All ages of my kingly woes shall tell,
Once more inconstant world farewell, farewell.

He dies.

Enter Sir Robert Brakenburie, with two or three of his seruants.

Bra. Sirs if the king, or else the Duke of Buckingham
Do send for mee, I will attende them straight,
But what are these heere openly lie dead,
Oh God, the one is mistresse Shore, and this is Flud,
That was my nurse: the third is Master Ayre,
Who suffered death for his releeuing her,

They shall not thus lie in the open way,
Lend me your hands, and heauie hearts withall,
At mine owne charge Ile giue them buriall.
They beare them thence.

Enter King Richard crowned, Buckingham, Aire of Warwicke, Louell, Catesbie, Fogge, and attendants.

Richard. Most noble Lordes, since it hath pleased you,
Beyonde our expectation on your bounties,
Tempale my temples with the Diademe.
How farre my quiet thoughts haue euer beene,
From this great and maiesticke soueraigntie,
Heauen best can witnesse: I am your King,
Long may I bee so, to deserue your loue,
But I will be a seruant to you all,
Pray God my broken sleepes may giue you rest.
But onely that my blood doth challenge it,
Being your lawfull Prince by true succession,
I could haue wisht, with all my heart I could,
This maiestie had sitten on the browe
Of any other: so much do I affect a priuate life,
To spend my daies in contemplation.
But since that heauen and you will haue it so,
I take the crowne as meekely at your handes,
As free and pure from an ambitious thought,
As any new borne babe. Thus must thou Richard
Seeme as a Saint to men in outward shew, aside
Beeing a verie diuell in thy heart:
Thus must thou couer all thy villanies,
And keepe them close from ouerlookers eyes.
Buck. My Soueraigne by the generall consent
Of all the Lords and commons of the lande,
I tender to your royall maiestie,
This Princely Ladie, the Ladie Anne of Warwicke,
Judged the onely worthiest of your loue.

To be your highnesse bride, faire Englands Queene,
Rich. My royall Princely Cosin Buckingham,
I see you strive to blesse mee more and more,
Your bountie is so large and ample to mee,
You overflow my spirits with your great loue,
I willingly accept this vertuous Princesse,
And crowne her Angell beautie with my loue.
Lo. Then as the hand of your high parliament,
I giue her here vnto your maiestie.
Rich. Lord Louell I as heartily receiue her,
Welcome faire Queene.
C. And from the Lords and commons of your land,
I giue the free and voluntarie oath,
Of their allegeance to your maiestie,
As to their soueraigne and liege Lord and Ladie,
Richard the third, and beauteous Anne his Queene,
The true and lawfull King and Queene of England.
Rich. I doo accept it Catesby, and returne,
Exchange of mutuall and partie loue.
Now Fogge too, that in your traiterous Libels,
Besides the counterfeiting of our hand and seale
For Rutford, though so great a fault deserude
To suffer death, as hee alreadie hath,
Going about to slubber our renowne,
And wound vs with reproach and infamie,
Yet Fogge that thou thy selfe maist plainely see,
How farre I am from seeking sharpe reuenge,
Fogge I forgiue thee, and withall wee doo,
Repeale our beaute sentence gainst Shoares wife,
Restoring all her goods for wee intend,
With all the world now to bee perfect friendes.
Cat. Why my good Lord, you know shees dead alreadie.
R. True Cates. else I nere had spoke such words, aside.
Alas I see our kindnesse comes too late,
For Catesby telles mee shee is dead alreadie.
Cat. I my good Lord, so is her husband too.

Ri. Would they had liude to see our friendly change,
But Catesby say, where dide Shoare and his wife?
Cat. Where Ayre was hangde for giuing her releefe,
There both of them round circkling his cold graue,
And arme in arme departed from this life:
The people for the loue they beare to her,
And her kind husband, pittying his wrongs,
For euer after meane to call the ditch,
Shoares Ditch, as in the memorie of them,
Their bodies in the Friers minorites,
Are in one graue enterred all togither,
But mistris Blague for ingratitude,
To mistresse Shoare, lies dead vnburied,
And no one will afoord her buriall.
Rich. But mistris Blague shee shall haue buriall too,
What now wee must bee friendes, indeede wee must,
And now my Lords, I giue you all to knowe,
In memorie of our eternall loue,
I do ordaine an order of the Bathe,
Twelue knights in number of that royall sort,
Which order with all princely ceremonies,
Shall be obserued in all royall pompe,
As Edwards our forefather of the Garter,
Which feast our selfe, and our beloued Queene,
Will presently solemnize in our person.
Buck. Now am I bold to put your grace in minde
Of my long suite, and partly your owne promise,
The Earle of Herefords lands.
Ric. Cosin weele better thinke on that hereafter.
Buck. My paines my Lord hath not deserude delay.
Ric. Will you appoynt our time? then yée shall stay,
For this hote hastinesse sir you shall stay.
Moque vs no more you were best.
Buckingham. I Richard, is it come to this?
In my first suite of all, dost thou denie mee?
Breake thine owne word, and turne me off so slightly,

Richard thou hadst as good haue damnde thy soule,
As basely thus to deale with *Buckingham*:
Richard ile sit vpon thy crumped shoulder:
I faith I will, if heauen will giue me leaue,
And Harry *Richmond*, this hand alone,
Shall fetch thee home, and seate thée in his throne.

Exit.

Rich. What is he gone in heate, why farewell he,
He is displeasde, let him be pleasde againe,
We haue no time to thinke on angrie men:
Come my sweet Queene, let vs go solemnize,
Our Knighthods order in most royall wise.

Exeunt.

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